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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879

Price Ten Cents.



A MASHER MASHED—HOW A CHICAGO YOUTH, OF THE "TOO-AWFULLY-SWEET-FOR-ANYTHING" VARIETY, WHILE ESSAYING THE ROLE OF A LADY-KILLER, WAS TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR, LIKE THE VERIEST COUNTRYMAN, BY A BRACE OF SHARP DAMSELS AND THEIR MALE ACCOMPLICE. See Page 7.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846
 RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
 Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
 SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

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To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

Persons who cannot conveniently obtain the GAZETTE through newsdealers, will confer a favor if they will notify us of that fact, with address.

H. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Held over for consideration.
 M. H., San Francisco.—Items have been published. Further by mail.

W. D. M., Lynchburg, Va.—See answer to "S. P. B." Further by mail.

J. S., Brookhaven, Miss.—It is of local interest only; will return photo.

G. E., Red Bluff, Cal.—You do not send us sufficient details to illustrate it.

J. K., Shreveport, La.—Item has been published. Thanks for attention.

A. C. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Portrait appears; will answer other matter by mail.

CHIEF PARADIS, Montreal.—Portraits received; thanks; other matter all right.

J. C., Columbia, Mo.—Don't publish nigger scandals, as we have repeatedly announced before.

R. E. W., Meriden, Conn.—Arrived too late for this issue. Will illustrate in our next, if possible.

CHIEF ATHEY, Memphis, Tenn.—Thanks for courtesies. Shall be glad to reciprocate upon occasion offering.

J. M., Fort Shaw, M. T.—Thanks, but the items have been published. Electricity will beat steam, you know.

CORRESPONDENT, Concordia, Miss.—Came too late for this issue; will probably use it in our next. Can you obtain portraits?

S. M. B., Wetumpka, Ala.—Could not illustrate it from what was sent; would like to have the portraits, if obtained soon.

H. C. E., Grinnell, Iowa.—Can you not send local newspaper verification? It must certainly have been published, if correct.

J. R. S., Pittsburg, Pa.—Believe there is such a company, but know nothing more, good, bad or indifferent, concerning it.

S. D., Platte City, Mo.—Much obliged for the effort. Hope you will succeed. Of course we expect to defray all such expense.

M. P. J., Great Bend, Kan.—The matter is chiefly a personal one, and not of sufficient general interest for publication in our columns. Will return photo.

J. W. R., Richmond, Va.—Cannot advise you of the present whereabouts of either of them. Letters addressed in care of New York Clipper will reach them, however.

W. S. W., Clinton, Ill.—Will accept whatever you may send which we deem worthy of publication. Material for illustration and portraits of parties concerned in events of note are what we particularly desire.

F. F. C., Wheatland, Cal.—Portrait appears; other matters not received yet. Please send us anything further in the way of portraits or material for illustration, relating to the case, that you may be able to obtain.

F. S. C., New York City.—The article has not come to hand as yet, but it is not likely that we should have published it, even without your warning, for which, thanks, however. We are hardly ever fooled that way.

CORRESPONDENT, Kingston, N. Y.—The portrait you speak of we have already published twice, the last time quite recently; other portraits sent are of local interest only. We wish only those concerned in matters of general interest.

F. R. S., Vicksburg, Miss.—Have published but one portrait from you, we believe. You surely do not expect us to pay you for such an inclosure as that just received—clippings from our own exchanges which we have had on our desk a week ago?

P. S. H., Muncie, Ind.—Portraits at hand; much obliged for the attention, but as the gentlemen have been connected with no recent events of note, we would have no more reason for presenting them to the attention of our readers than we would have in publishing portraits of like officials of a thousand other towns. Certainly they could possess no possible interest for our readers, outside of Muncie at all events.

S. P. B., Lynchburg, Va.—Sorry if an injustice has been done Mr. Frank Hollowell through the forgery of a scamp, but there was nothing about it to cause a suspicion that it was not genuine, and we have been much annoyed by that sort of thing. In reference to question asked you in this column some time since, would say that we took the initial to the signature of your first communication to be "H." and a gentleman of that name, residing at place given, having been very kindly remembered by the writer, a personal interest inspired the inquiry.

GUARDIANSHIP OF THE PARK.

About as well-earned a sentence as has been pronounced in a New York court-room lately, and one which will scarcely fail to be hailed with satisfaction by every respectable citizen, was that which, a few days ago, sent Henry Nelson, a brakeman on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, to six months imprisonment for insulting a lady in Central Park. The case is one of a type of offenses that are so common in the Park as to very materially diminish the regard in which it would otherwise be held by the decent portion of the community. Nelson's case is by no means an isolated one. On the contrary there is a systematic business of insulting and annoying unprotected women carried on, not alone by individuals of a lower grade of intelligence and social standing, but, even to a greater extent, by creatures bearing the appearance of men, who claim the title of gentleman in all that the name implies. In fact, it is just this class of miscreants who are doubtless much more annoying to a lady of refinement than the ruder type of woman-assailants. The boorishness of the latter generally shapes, their offensive attentions in such a coarse mode of annoyance that a case for the attention of the police can readily be presented.

Not so with their more refined prototype, if refinement can be imputed to such a deplorable specimen of humanity. The professional woman-catcher of high degree has a thousand little arts by which he can make himself ever so offensive, and yet carry on his unmanly assault upon unprotected womanhood in such a way that a modest woman cannot consistently make a complaint of his conduct, except to a male relative or friend, whom the "masher" takes good care, in the outset, shall not be within call, if he knows it. To resent it herself would be only to expose her to more direct insult, for the "masher's" armor of egotism is too thoroughly invulnerable to be penetrated, and dignity and womanly bearing would be entirely lost on him. Nothing short of a knock-down blow could convince him that his victim is not excessively flattered and delighted by his advances.

It is probably too much to hope that the example made of Nelson will have any effect on the genus except to inspire a little more caution for a time, but the occasion is appropriate for more strongly directing the attention of both the public and the police to this as one of the evils which most lamentably deface our beautiful park, to the end that a more decided effort than has yet been made may be urged for their suppression. There was solid truth in Justice Morgan's remarks, in passing sentence in the case in question, that "these outrages are becoming so frequent that the Central Park seems dangerous for women and children to walk in. It is fortunate that a woman has at last come forward to try and make an example of such brutes." In the latter sentence is contained the explanation of a cause, and, unfortunately, it can scarcely be remedied, which contributes to the existence of the evil, namely, the natural reluctance of a woman to bring herself before the public gaze as the complainant in such cases. What can be done in the matter is a little extra vigilance on the part of the Park guardians. It ought not to be very difficult to detect such cases and to give us a few more whole-some examples, for the offense is by no means a rare one. Probably a little less energy in watching married couples or lovers, on a stroll through the Park, might relieve them sufficiently to enable them to give more effort towards so desirable an end. Certainly the public will very willingly excuse any dereliction in the former instance, if the surplus energy be so applied.

NOT AFRAID OF THE POLICE.

Either the bolder members of our criminal classes, the sort who are ready to take desperate chances in carrying out their schemes of plunder, are too dauntless to be intimidated by the lesson of the Hull tragedy, or that case has given them such a revelation of the inefficiency of the police, both in preventing and detecting crime, that they have been emboldened thereby to more frequent and daring operations in that line. Since the murder of Mrs. Hull there have been cases in point presented in this city and in the immediate vicinity, in which, on the public thoroughfare, in daylight, as well as in the fancied security of the private dwelling, thieves have indulged in criminal exploits, that would, until recently, have been deemed of most exceptional and unparalleled audacity. Two such occurrences are recorded this week, namely, the raid on the residence of Mr. Bryant, in Harlem, and the binding and robbing of Mrs. Mary Parrish, an aged widow, in her house in Pelhamville, which, as happening so close together, being characterized by circumstances of such remarkable boldness and escaping so narrowly a terribly tragic termination, are calculated to cause our more than passing wonder, accustomed as we have become to such sensations.

The Riot-Provoking Female Base Ballists.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 14.—Something very like mob violence followed an exhibition game of base ball in this city this afternoon between female nines

representing New York and Philadelphia. The game was nothing like a contest, and the short petticoated players were only jeered. The occupants of the grand stand were compelled to vacate the seats they had paid for by the rowdiness of a crowd of boys, and following their departure a fight ensued between a number of gamins and two negro women on the grand stand. When the game was finished, the crowd coming too near the players, who had prepared to leave the ground, several persons were deluged with water, and the crowd retaliated by throwing stones, which struck one of the managers, of the game. It was only with great difficulty that egress was gained from the grounds. During the attempt a slight melee occurred, and the people again threw stones and cursed the players, when they rode away, compelling them to take a roundabout course to reach their hotel. The players gave no provocation to the miserable rowdies.

The Late Chief of Police Kennard H. Jones.

[With Portrait.]

Kennard H. Jones, Chief of Police of Philadelphia from the first inauguration of Mayor Stokley, in 1871, died at Delanco, N. J., on the 6th instant. He had been in ill health for some time past, and had gone to Delanco to recuperate. He was supposed to be improving somewhat, and his death was therefore quite unexpected. The physicians were divided in opinion as to whether it resulted from congestion of the brain, softening or abscess on the brain.

Chief Jones was born in Philadelphia in 1839. In early life he was a brick-layer. His official career is briefly sketched by the Times as follows:

When Mayor Alexander Henry was inducted into office for his second term, in 1860, one of his earliest appointments was that of Kennard H. Jones, then just of age, to the position of patrolman in the Eighth district, with station at Spring Garden Hall. While in the district he was stationed at Thirteenth and Wood, which neighborhood was terrorized by the band of ruffians known as the Reading Hose Gang, and was then noted for his fearlessness and strict attention to duty. He remained a patrolman until Morton McMichael became Mayor, in 1866, when he was placed on the Reserve force, which position he retained until the democratic party succeeded in electing Daniel M. Fox to the Mayorality, and six months afterwards. He then resigned to accept an unexpired term as Constable of the Fourteenth ward, and was subsequently elected to a full term. Upon Mayor Stokley's election in 1871, he appointed Jones as his Chief after quite a struggle on the part of the friends of two other aspirants. The office was held by him without interruption from January, 1872, up to the day of his death. The new Chief signalized his advent into office by the breaking up of the Gut Gang, a remnant of the old Schuylkill Rangers, which had made it practically unsafe for decent people to visit the Schuylkill river wharves below Market street at any time after nightfall. He also most effectually squelched the crowd of gamblers, politicians, thieves and burglars who had made the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets a loafing place, and by his rigorous course of police discipline and stern determination drove out of town the nest of bank burglars that had made Philadelphia the scene of numerous successful operations in the preceding years.

The mayor had the utmost confidence in the honesty, integrity and capacity of his chief. It is said of him that, while a brilliant officer, he was one who knew nothing but his duty and would obey orders, at whatever sacrifice, fearlessly and conscientiously. He was Past Master of Integrity Lodge, A. Y. M.; a Royal Arch Mason and member of Philadelphia Commandery, Knights Templar. His funeral took place from his late residence in Philadelphia on the 10th inst., and was very largely attended by police officials and others of that and other cities. Mayor Stokley headed the procession, carrying a silver mace enveloped in crape. Eight hundred policemen, two-thirds of the entire force, were in the line. Beautiful floral tributes from the Philadelphia and New York police departments and elsewhere were presented.

The Mayor was aided by Acting Chief Given, Captains Wood, Helms, Godbout, Acting Captain Schooley and Captain Chasteau, of the Park Guard, as his staff. Following were Fire Marshal Thompson, the Mayor's clerk, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, Captain of the Insurance Patrol, Reserve Corps, under the command of Lieutenant Crout; Sergeant Abrams of all the districts, with the policemen and then the Masonic bodies following.

From other cities there were M. Nathan, Chief of Police of Jersey City; M. J. Maxwell, Chief of Police of Wilmington; P. Campbell, Superintendent of the Brooklyn police; Captains Lerch, Weglom, McLaughlin, Levy and Jewett, and Detectives Corwin, Powers, Riggs, Zundt, Loomay and Corr, of Brooklyn; Captain Kealy, Chief of Detectives, Captain Gunner and Detectives King, Cunningham, Dunn, Thompson, Von Greitchen, Titus, Rogers and Moran, of New York City; Mayor Ayers and Chief Daubman, of Camden; Chief Brown, of Trenton; Chief Detective W. Crane, of Baltimore, and William A. Hoyt, formerly Adjutant and Acting Commander of the Centennial Guard. The body was interred at Monument Cemetery after the impressive Masonic ceremonies.

Captain Samuel Irvin Given, Acting Chief during Chief Jones' illness, will probably be his successor. He is reputed a popular and efficient officer, and his appointment would, apparently, give universal satisfaction. A fine portrait of the dead chief is given elsewhere in this issue.

John McQuade, the Murderous Chicago Thug.

[With Portrait.]

Even in the murder-stained records of Chicago there are few more brutal and causeless crimes to be found than the awful murder of Robert Anderson, a young man of nineteen, who was cruelly kicked to death in that city, on the Fourth, by John McQuade, a thorough specimen of the Chicago thug, not more than a year

the senior of his victim, but who has already gained an extended notoriety as a ruffian of villainous instincts and murderous proclivities. The provocation was a trifling dispute about a ball which Anderson claimed and which McQuade demanded should be given to him, during a ball-game on the Fourth. Anderson refusing to give it up, McQuade jumped at him and kicked him to death with no more compunction than if he had been a dog.

McQuade has previously been arrested for highway robbery, but has managed to keep at large. It is satisfactory to announce that it is probable that the brutal assassin has committed his last offense against humanity and society. A portrait of the bloodthirsty wretch appears elsewhere.

The Romer Best Burglarious Gang.

[With Portraits.]

On another page we give authentic portraits of Romer Best, the leader of an audacious gang of negro burglars in Brooklyn, Harry Radcliff, alias Benjamin West, a white man, who disposed of the "stuff" for the gang, and of Captain John Riley, commanding the Twelfth precinct, of the police force of that city through whose efficient efforts, chiefly, this dangerous criminal association has been broken up. Best's confederates in crime were Samuel H. Waring, Samuel W. Hunter, alias "Slippery Sam"; William Thomas, alias George; and their female accomplices, Rosanna Alderman, Elizabeth Cook and Susan Walker. All are full-blooded Africans, as their faces show, and together they have constituted one of the most audacious and dangerous gangs that have ever infested the city.

They had been very successful in their depredations and had been the source of great annoyance and fear to the citizens of Brooklyn and of mystification to the police until hunted down, on June 2nd, by Captain Riley and his assistants, who are entitled to the greatest praise for this neat bit of detective service.

Best and his confederates, Waring and Hunter, were placed on trial before Judge Moore in the Kings county court of sessions, on the 14th inst. Best on charges of larceny and burglary and the others on that of burglary alone. Best, who is a very shrewd negro with much native intelligence, insisted on defending himself, and was allowed to do so. On the first charge the jury found him guilty, and as he had made several mistakes in conducting his case, Judge Moore advised him to accept the services of a lawyer. Best declined any assistance, but Judge Moore appointed a young lawyer to aid him in questioning the witnesses. As the young limb of the law took his seat beside the prisoner, at the request of Judge Moore, Best turned toward him and remarked, in an undertone, with an oath, but loud enough to be heard several feet from him, "I would rather get twenty years in state prison than have you sit beside me." The young lawyer hurriedly left. Best and his companions were all found guilty, and sentenced to ten years each in the Kings county penitentiary.

A Phenomenal Bigamist.

[With Portrait.]

J. N. Swartz, alias Charles Norton, alias Charles A. Carl, alias several other names, an individual, who, it has been discovered, has at least one wife in each of the states of Ohio, Indiana, Georgia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the returns are not all in yet, was committed to jail in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 9th, in default of \$3,000 bail on two charges of false pretense and one of bigamy, the latter preferred by one of his wives, residing in that city. Carl published a directory in Harrisburg a few years ago and obtained several watches by false pretenses and married a Harrisburg woman. His last wife, who owns a plantation resided in Macon, Ga., the governor of which state delivered him to the Pennsylvania authorities on a requisition of Governor Hoyt.

Norton is still better known in Georgia and particularly in Atlanta. He was the publisher of the last directory of that city and had previously been employed in compiling directories of other southern cities. It is stated that his real name is Swartz, and that he deserted from the rebel army in Pennsylvania in '63. His career as a polygamist is, at all events, about closed, as there are more than enough charges against him to send him into retirement for such a length of time as will be apt to cure him of his matrimonial mania. A portrait of the man of much marriage and many aliases is given on another page.

The Wheatland Mysterious Assault.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we give a portrait of Miss Ida Dunn, one of the victims of the mysterious midnight assault at Wheatland, Cal., by an unknown miscreant, in June last, a full account of which was given in our issue of July 5. It will be remembered that Miss Dunn, with her companion, Miss Cora Hezlep, were attacked while asleep together in their bed at night, at the residence of William S. Roddan, at Wheatland, where they were staying, whether by more than one assailant is not definitely known. The villain or villains beat the young ladies about their heads with a heavy iron bar so terribly that their lives were for a long time despaired of and their entire recovery is yet doubtful. Miss Dunn, who, it is believed, was the real object of the assault, the attack on Miss Hezlep being made to prevent her giving an alarm, was the worst injured. She was dragged from her bed as though the intention had been to abduct her and she was purposely disfigured about the face. The motive of the assault and its perpetrator are still enveloped in mystery. The portrait we give was taken some time after the occurrence and shows the marks of the terrible injuries she received.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week an excellent portrait of M'lie. Ellen Xandree, of the Palais Royal, Paris, and one of the leading lights of the theatrical firmament of the gay French capital, as well as a handsome and fascinating woman.

STAGE SIRENS.

Something About the Queens of the Parisian Opera Bouffe Stage—Who They Are and What They Are.

ART AND SENSUALITY.

With a Predominance of the Latter, Mark the Successful Career of the Theatrical Circes Over Whom the Gay Capital

GROWS MAD IN ITS WORSHIP.

The French capital is, as everybody knows, the birthplace and chosen home of opera bouffe, which expresses certain phases of life here—its mockery, its recklessness, its sarcasm, its wild gaiety, its license—as no other kind of performance does or can. The witty and wicked, the indecorous and defiant spirit of the unconventional women and vapid men who are always gathered at this center of art and learning, of luxury and debauchery, is thoroughly conveyed in the compositions of Offenbach and Lecocq. Paris is easily wearied. It loves novelty because it is novelty; disposes of one sensation and demands another; burns its candle of pleasure at both ends; but it has not yet tired of opera bouffe, although it has reigned and raged there for more than twenty years. The naughty amusement, as some women style it, is too much a reflex of a certain order of society and morality, or immorality, if you choose, at the capital, not to retain its popularity and vogue. It may be—it unquestionably is—immodest for the most part; and yet the fact remains that many persons who are eminently respectable, of both sexes, enjoy it greatly. Paris and France are not by any means alone in their

FONDNESS FOR OPERA BOUFFE.

All civilization is fond of it, too. It has literally gone around the globe. It draws in Africa and Asia not less than in Europe and America; the musical buffooneries and acted indelicacies fill the theatre and evoke its laughter and applause. Many women used to stay away from opera bouffe on principle who now go because others go, and seem to like its wickedness.

I have often seen, writes a Paris correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, in the Bouffes Parisiens stiff dames from interior New England, and gray-haired couples from rural New York, who would, I am confident, never have ventured upon such an amusement in Boston or the American metropolis. But then in Paris, you know, one can do almost anything. It is the impropriety of the bouffe rather than its music, I am sure, which is so alluring here, and doubtless elsewhere. Of the many women who sing in it hardly any one sings well. Voice is not at all necessary if the actress be young, pretty, piquant and immodest. As a writer for the *Figaro* said, the other day, of a new candidate for bouffe laurels: "She has hardly any knowledge of music, but she has a fine form." I could name at least half a dozen bouffes incapable of a complete note who draw crowds; whose photographs are in constant demand; whom a thousand looks follow on the Boulevards and in the Bois, because they have bright eyes.

KISSABLE MOUTHS AND PLEASANT FIGURES.

Hortense Schneider is the most renowned of the bouffes and the best, on the whole. She is not so popular as she used to be because she is not so young, and she is unmistakably stout. Nearly every French woman, whether in public or private life, accumulates flesh before forty—Schneider is fully forty-five—and it makes her more or less unhappy to do so. The great desire of the Parisienne is to be slight and lithe, and she deludes herself that she is so up to the last moment. She laces very tight—indeed, she laces excessively—but she cannot help gaining in weight, and finally she gives it up, consenting to be fat. She might keep down her avoirdupois by dieting and refraining from wine, but this would be too great a sacrifice. She has a good appetite usually, and she could not get on, she thinks, without her daily bottle of Bordeaux. She is likely to have more body than mind, and the needs of her body are apt to be tyrannous. You have probably heard of the French countess who ate very sparingly in order to get rid of her superfluous flesh. As soon as she would discover that she lost twenty-five or thirty pounds, she would be so rejoiced that her mental exaltation would make her grow fat again in spite of her dieting. Schneider deplores her affluent contours; but she loves to gratify her senses, and will not practice self-denial. Of a large frame, she is not bulky, though she is

TOO HEAVY TO BE ENTIRELY GRACEFUL.

She gained her great fame during 1867, the year of the Exhibition, when thousands flocked to see her "Grand Duchesse," and she had princes and dukes at her feet, and was the recipient of any number of handsome presents. She is a native of Bordeaux—her parents were small tradesmen, of German descent—and very early evinced a predilection for the stage. She was precocious, and is reported to have begun having lovers when she was thirteen. She was barely fifteen when she made her debut on the stage of a local theatre and won applause. An old professor of music became interested in her and gave her lessons in singing. She proved an apt pupil, and after some years of provincial engagements she arrived in Paris before she was twenty, and vainly endeavored to get into the Varieties. The company of the Bouffes Parisiens was then making up; she found a place there, and she was cordially liked, not to say loved, by her audiences. She had great vivacity, humor, abandon, and what the French call beauty of the devil, meaning the sort that

PLAYS HAVOC WITH MEN'S SENSES AND PURSES.

She gained so many laurels that after one or two seasons the Varieties was very glad to secure her at a very much larger salary than she would have been satisfied with when she made her first fruitless application. Not long after she shone at the Palais

Royal, each new part which she assumed augmenting her reputation. She went back to the Varieties in a year or so and created a furor as the heroine of "La Belle Helene," to which she was signally fitted. She looked the very embodiment of uxorial disloyalty, and the man who would have trusted her out of his sight, if he had been fond of her, would have been a muf. All Paris roared at her "Helene," and despised "Menelas" nearly as much as the deceived husband is despised in actual life. There are so many "Menelas" here that a stranger might think the unfortunate liege would meet with some sympathy. But he does not. In Paris private and public sympathy is always with the successful lover. Schneider has had as many affairs of the heart—so styled, probably, because the heart commonly has so little to do with them—as any woman of her years in France. She is prone to select her lovers according to their incomes rather than their aimable and attractive qualities, and she has a

WEAKNESS FOR PRINCES AND NOBLEMEN.

The Prince of Wales had the name of wearing her chains in 1867, and not unjustly, I imagine, for Schneider was the fashion then and Wales is inclined to follow the fashion. You may remember that the Duke of Cadrouse-Grammont left her, some fourteen years since, 50,000 francs as a legacy, and that the newspapers made a grand ado about it. She said privately that he was not the first nobleman who had given her more than that, and no doubt she told the truth. Wales is reported to have spent 10,000 pounds on her in six months. She is very luxurious in her tastes, and she is prodigal of money, as those who know her mode of living will attest. She used to be a rival of the Empress Eugenie in costumes, spending in one year for sumptuous raiment not less than what would be in your currency \$100,000. She owns splendid diamonds, rubies, emeralds, horses, carriages, town and country houses and equipments fit for a princess. She is not wholly a spendthrift, however. She has put a good deal of money in rentes and other securities, and her income is asserted to be equal to \$20,000. It would have been larger had she not speculated recklessly on the Bourse and lost a small fortune there. Some persons declare her very mercenary; but she seems to get money

FOR THE SAKE OF SPENDING IT.

She is singularly inconsistent, which she has a right to be, of course, by reason of her sex. To-day she will give anybody one or two thousand francs. To-morrow she will not give a sou to the worthiest charity. She particularly enjoys making noblemen come down handsomely. Not long ago, speaking on the subject, she remarked, "The Grand Duchesse of Gerolstein (she is fond of so naming herself) has been kissed by a host of men of high rank, but she has the sovereign satisfaction of remembering that she has always made them pay very liberally for their kisses." Her mouth may well be called golden. Theo is another queen of the bouffe. She is much younger and prettier than Schneider, though she cannot sing nearly so well; in truth, she cannot sing at all in any artistic sense. Like Schneider, she depends upon her professional reputation, made wholly by her coquetry, to allure men into her net, and, when there, she, the enticing spider, sucks their financial blood. She, too, has had and still has persons of exalted rank in her toils, conspicuous among them the Prince of Wales, who has declared that he is half a Parisian. Theo is a very alluring little hussy, and I do not wonder

MOST MEN ARE CAPTIVATED BY HER.

She has very dark eyes and golden hair—natural, not dyed—and understands how to make herself up to the best advantage. She is a member of the Bouffes Parisiens, and hundreds of men go to see her nightly at the small theatre in the Passage Choiseul, who would not give a centime to hear her in any part she may assume. They are glad enough to hear her chatter impertinences, vanities and audacities of the stage, and her ripe, pouting mouth doubtless lends spice to what she utters. She is a mistress of minauderie and of a certain stock of smart phrases that sound clever, though they can be easily learned. These she discharges continually, and, backed by her admirably managed eyes, they put admirers in her power and lous in her keeping. Theo has a marked talent for wheedling our sex, who are, I must admit, very easily wheedled, and exercises it industriously. One of her methods is to ridicule every man of her acquaintance except the man she happens at the time to be with, and of him, of course, she pretends to be fond, and he, precious simpleton, actually believes her. I have seen her late at night at the Cafe Helde, some rich provincialist at her side and delighted to see her order a 500-franc supper, mocking the fellow over her shoulder to some of her friends seated at a table near by. The provincialist fancies he is making Paris stare at his conquest of the charming Theo, but his entire conquest consists in that over his common sense. He counts himself a privileged mortal, but his chief privilege in regard to the cunning bouffe is the privilege of

PAYING HER EXTRAVAGANT BILLS.

Of what a number of men she has made fools, and of how many more she will make fools! There is Angèle of the Gaité. She does not sing much, but she poses well and understands how to dress to good account. She is pretty, also, and tolerably young, and a young and pretty woman on the Paris stage is sure of an outside income. Her presents, as they are euphemistically styled, have reached 50,000 francs a year. She is as shrewd and selfish as any of her Circéan sisters. Bloch of the Palais Royal is a Jewess by blood, as a number of the actresses here are, and an arch deceiver of spoons. She is not handsome, though her eyes are fine, and she has a knack of molding men to her will. She is a very good actress, but a better actress off than on the stage. She has the reputation of having ruined two Russian Princes—most Russians are idiots on the subject of petticoats—in a single year, and this has augmented

HER PRESTIGE AS A MANSAYER.

Duclos of the Bouffes looks so exactly what she is that it is strange that she can impose on anybody. Perhaps she does not; perhaps it is not necessary to impose on any one of the men who follow her devious ways. She has a nice complexion, and a great deal of

it, and she is not a particle parsimonious of its exhibition. She sings poorly; but her other accomplishments are presumed to compensate fully for any defects of voice. Rose Mariee, of the same theatre, resembles Duclos in the style of appearance. Both are typical representatives of the undressed drama and of the characteristics of their peculiar school. Neither draws so well as a few years since, for they have lost much of their freshness and gained much in weight. They are indolent beings, ordinarily; but when they scent a full pocket-book, they are very active in running it down. There are many other bouffes, but they are all of the same pattern—cunning creatures, who have learned that the rewards of life are usually given to those who never sin, unless they can make something by it. Most French actresses, particularly the bouffes, are so unscrupulous, mercenary and heartless, that they are psychically curious as studies, however repulsive as women.

A DRUNKEN DEMON.

The Unprovoked Murder of an Unoffending and Unarmed Man, of which a Georgia Jury Finds the Murderer Guiltless on the Plea of Rumm Insanity.

MACON, Ga., July 11.—A case was concluded here to-day that resembles, in some respects, the Currier Porter killing in Texas, though it has few of its revolting features and has much more extenuation.

Abner Gibson, of Macon, is a young man of splendid character, of fine capacities and great popularity. He always commanded a leading situation, and was not only one of the most pleasant, but one of the most competent of the younger men of Macon. He had only one fault—that of getting on an occasional "spree." Whenever he was in his cups he lost all of his pleasant characteristics and became noisy, aggressive and desperate. He would force a fight with his best friend, and without the shadow of a pretext. His friends, and even his acquaintances, understood that when he was drinking he was dangerous, and

MUST BE HUMORED OR AVOIDED.

On the 6th of last November he was on one of his worst frolics. He had a difficulty in the afternoon, striking one of his best friends, who, knowing his condition, did not resent the blow. He walked through the streets brandishing his pistol and threatening every one he met. He was disarmed three times, but re-appeared regularly with a new weapon, once coming out with a shot-gun. At about dark he was walking up Third street, when he saw two acquaintances. They dodged him, one of them saying, "There is Gibson with his pistol out, and he is just as likely to shoot one of us as anybody." They stepped out of sight in the shadow of the door. He saw them, however, and walking up, presented his pistol at them and demanded that they show up. They cried out that they were "his best friends," and that he

MUST NOT SHOOT.

He kept them under cover of his pistol for awhile, and finally, turning to a stranger named Coleman, a circus "fakir" as they are called, said, "What son of a — is this?" Coleman seemed to take in the situation, and said, "I'm your friend." He then tried to walk off, doubtless seeing that he was in danger, but Gibson kept him covered with his pistol and made him stand. Finally Coleman said, "You are not going to kill a defenseless man?" Gibson replied, "Well, I hate to do it, but I must." Coleman said, "Oh, let us all go in and take a drink. I'll treat the crowd," at this remark putting his hand in his pocket. As he did so, with a hurried exclamation Gibson put his pistol up and fired, striking Coleman just above the nipple. Coleman was seen to stoop almost to the ground as he received the ball, and then, straightening up, ran down the street. Gibson coolly held his ground, and continued firing, striking Coleman again in the leg.

COLEMAN THEN STAGGERED AND FELL.

Gibson, seeing this, hurried away, and went up the street. He entered a bar-room and cleaned it out. He halted every one that passed or approached him, and literally held possession of the streets for nearly two hours. No attempt was made to arrest him, and indeed it was not known that he was literally crazy and frenzied. The excitement was intense, and at length, about nine o'clock, the mayor organized a posse, and went up to Third street to arrest Gibson or kill him. He had left the scene, however, and was not found until the ensuing night, when he was captured on the southbound train, hid under a pile of shawls. He had on two pistols and a knife when captured, but offered no resistance. He was at once put in jail, where he has remained ever since. Coleman died the day after the shooting.

The preliminary trial developed a terrible case against Gibson, showing that Coleman did all he could to put off the trouble, and was unarmed and defenseless—that the killing was utterly without cause or reason—the men

NEVER HAVING SEEN EACH OTHER BEFORE.

In the first trial, which took place a few months since, insanity was pleaded, while some offset was made to the general report of the shooting, and without further result. Gibson was surrounded by his friends, and had the best counsel that money could secure. His family is rich and devoted, and is one that stands high in Georgia. They claim to be able to show that Coleman was armed, and that when he put his hand in his pocket it was for the purpose of drawing a pistol. They claimed that he dropped it after the first shot was fired. Gibson has been petted and provided with luxuries since his confinement, and it is said has kept his position as book-keeper in the house he served to the time of the killing, the books being regularly taken at the jail. Coleman had been in Macon only a few days when he was killed.

The trial was one of the most important ever held in the Macon court-room, which has been constantly crowded. The feeling throughout was most intense. The jury hung for nineteen hours before agreeing upon a verdict of acquittal, which is pronounced an outrage by the community. It is understood that the verdict was based upon the allegation that Gibson was so crazed by drink as to be morally irresponsible.

GLAZIER'S GRAFT.

Story of the Wily Subscription-Book-Fiend and Author of Sloppy War History, as Related by his Alleged Victim and Former Member of his Traveling Seraglio.

[With Portrait.]

In our last issue we gave a brief account of the arrest of Captain Willard Glazier, in East St. Louis, on the 7th, charged with the abduction and seduction of one of his employees in the book canvassing business, a Miss Edith L. Herrick, of Boston. Glazier is the author of two trashy works, entitled "Battles for the Union" and "Heroes of the War," and it appears that some time ago he hired certain attractive and guileless-looking damsels to palm off his productions on an unsuspecting public. The company came west, devastating the towns on their route as the grasshoppers do the corn-fields of the prairie, and finally reached Chicago. There they began operations by establishing headquarters at 247 Indiana street, and from thence Glazier sent out his houis, conquering and to conquer. Nightly he looked over the subscription books, and saw his gains swelling to goodly proportions, and, like the man in the Bible, his heart waxed glad. Among his canvassers was the young woman Edith L. Herrick, who had been in his employ for nearly two years. She was a rarely beautiful brunette, with a form and features which might have tempted even an archangel, and before her attractiveness staid and sober citizens bowed down and invested at her behest in a book which was

SIMPLY INFERNAL SLUSH.

Miss Herrick's story of her alleged ruin by Glazier, as detailed by her to a reporter, is as follows:

"The first attention I ever had called to Willard Glazier was by an advertisement in the Boston Herald calling for two young ladies of good reference, for light and remunerative duties. This was in October, 1877, and on the 24th I called at the given address at the corner of Harrison avenue and Hudson street, in answer to it. He represented that he was largely engaged in selling subscription books, but wished an amanuensis. As I wrote a good hand he thought I would do, and went to see father and mother. It was understood that we were to remain in Boston, and my duties were in answering numerous letters from agents in answer to his advertisements. In about a month he broached traveling, and had several meetings with my parents about my going; he said his wife and little daughter Alice were nearly always with him, and the greatest care was exercised to have

THE PUREST ASSOCIATIONS.

He talked so much and so well that at last it was agreed to let me go for \$2 a week and expenses, and we went away from Boston on December 24th, 1877, for Providence; we staid there one week, and then went to New Haven; I don't know where we put up in the last city, only it was somewhere in York street; I never noticed any advances on his part until we got there, when one night he kissed me; I felt very much vexed and told him I did not think it was right, and he must not do it again, but he said it was no more than a kiss for his little Alice; then he somehow grew bolder, and I somehow began to feel as though I must do as he said, until one evening he wanted me to sit in his lap just as little Alice would if she were there, when he took improper liberties with my clothing. His advances were so gradual, and he spoke so often of my being to him as his daughter Alice, that I didn't think of any wrong; he used to have me sleep in a room adjoining his, and after a while he had the door kept open all night; then he would lay down in the evening and have me sit by him and talk;

"I FELT JUST AS THOUGH I MUST MIND HIM."

We went away from New Haven in ten days for New York, where we staid five months. Here he induced me to sleep with him as his little Alice would do. After a while he said we would get married. I told him he had a wife, but he promised to get a divorce, and pictured the happy home he would make for me and Alice. He said we would go to Europe, and I believed all. We went to Philadelphia, then to New York state and passed the time at the various places until we got here on March 10, 1879. All this time I was living with him as his wife; he kept talking about getting a divorce from his wife, as he did not love her and marrying me. Here in this place we stopped at 247 Indiana street. On Saturday night, April 26, I was taken very sick; I had been running up and down stairs all day, and felt badly all the afternoon; when I told him how I was feeling he carried me right to my room, and called one of the girls to help me; I didn't know what was the matter until he told me;

I WISHED I COULD DIE.

He begged me not to make any noise, as it would arouse the house and ruin him, and I didn't; he didn't give me any medicine to make me sick or do anything; he went away to St. Louis, June 16, and my father and mother came the next day. I got so I could get out in about two weeks after my illness, but about June 10 was taken with hemorrhage. Father telegraphed twice to St. Louis to have him come here, but he sent back word that he couldn't leave his business. I did think I loved him, but I do not see now how I could let him be even a friend. He never gave me anything, except little presents of flowers, nothing to cost much.

The case came up before Justice Meech, on the 8th, but in the meantime the case had been settled in consideration, it is reported, of \$750 cash in hand paid. The girl was asked by Justice Meech if she had received any money to compromise the suit pending, to which she replied in the negative. Probably she told the truth, for in fact, the criminal charge could never have been sustained before a jury, and was only preferred in order to get the defendant to Chicago. But the cash payment was made to block the threatened civil suit, a matter which was not before the justice at all, and the threat of a *capias* was no doubt what brought the so-called "Captain" to his feet. He is now free to resume his "term" in St. Louis with his traveling seraglio of young women.

Sir Joseph Porter Punched.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 12.—The Philadelphia Church Choir "Pinafore" Company gave a performance here two or three evenings ago, and close observers noted a curious appearance of one of Sir Joseph Porter's optics, while others remarked a suspicious titter run through the company when the Admiral sang:—

My amazement, my surprise,
You may learn from the expression of my eyes.
The fact was that one of Sir Joseph's eyes had



J. N. SWARTZ, ALIAS CHARLES NORTON, & CO., A WELL-KNOWN SOUTHERN DIRECTORY M'N, ARRESTED IN HARRISBURG, PA., FOR FRAUD AND BIGAMY.

rudely encountered the fist of Mr. Sousa, the leader of the orchestra, but an hour before the performance. The skillful use of paints had concealed the black and blue discoloring, in part, but Sir Joseph was not sufficiently an artist in the line to wholly conceal his misfortune. Efforts were made to keep the facts quiet, but since the departure of the company they have leaked out. It appears that the company gave a performance in Springfield the evening before their appearance here. Little Butter-cup was singing her baby farming song and the others were grouped about her. As she uttered the line—

Two tender babes I nussed.

Sir Joseph Porter (Mr. De Lange) turned to Hebe (Miss Bellis) who stood beside him, and in an undertone said something about the physical advantages in caring for a couple of babes. Hebe was indignant, and the following day told Mr. Sousa, musical director, that the Admiral had insulted her. Mr. Sousa became the young lady's champion, and told her that he would demand an apology. Just after tea, at the United States Hotel, Sousa encountered De Lange on the stairway, and in an angry tone wanted to have a



KENNARD H. JONES, LATE CHIEF OF POLICE, OF PHILADELPHIA; DIED JULY 6, 1879.—SEE PAGE 2.

talk with him about the insult. De Lange advised him to mind his own business, and holding up his finger, shook in warningly in Sousa's face. In an instant the knight of the baton gave it to him straight from the shoulder. Sir Joseph's "energetic fist was not ready to resist," but he grappled with his assailant, and the two rolled to the foot of the short stairs. Sousa landed on top and began to pummel the Admiral vigorously, when friends interfered and separated the combatants. The story goes that De Lange was so enraged by the course affairs had taken that he refused an apology the next day even under a threat of

managerial discipline, and made no secret of his intention of "taking it out of Sousa's hide" at the earliest opportunity. His friends claim that the remark at which Miss Bellis took offence was in nowise indelicate, but the ladies of the company side entirely with their companion.

Claim for Finding a Man a Wife.

A novel suit was tried in Monticello, N. Y., on Monday, 7th inst., between Thomas Flanigan and Patrick Washington, both residing within a few miles of

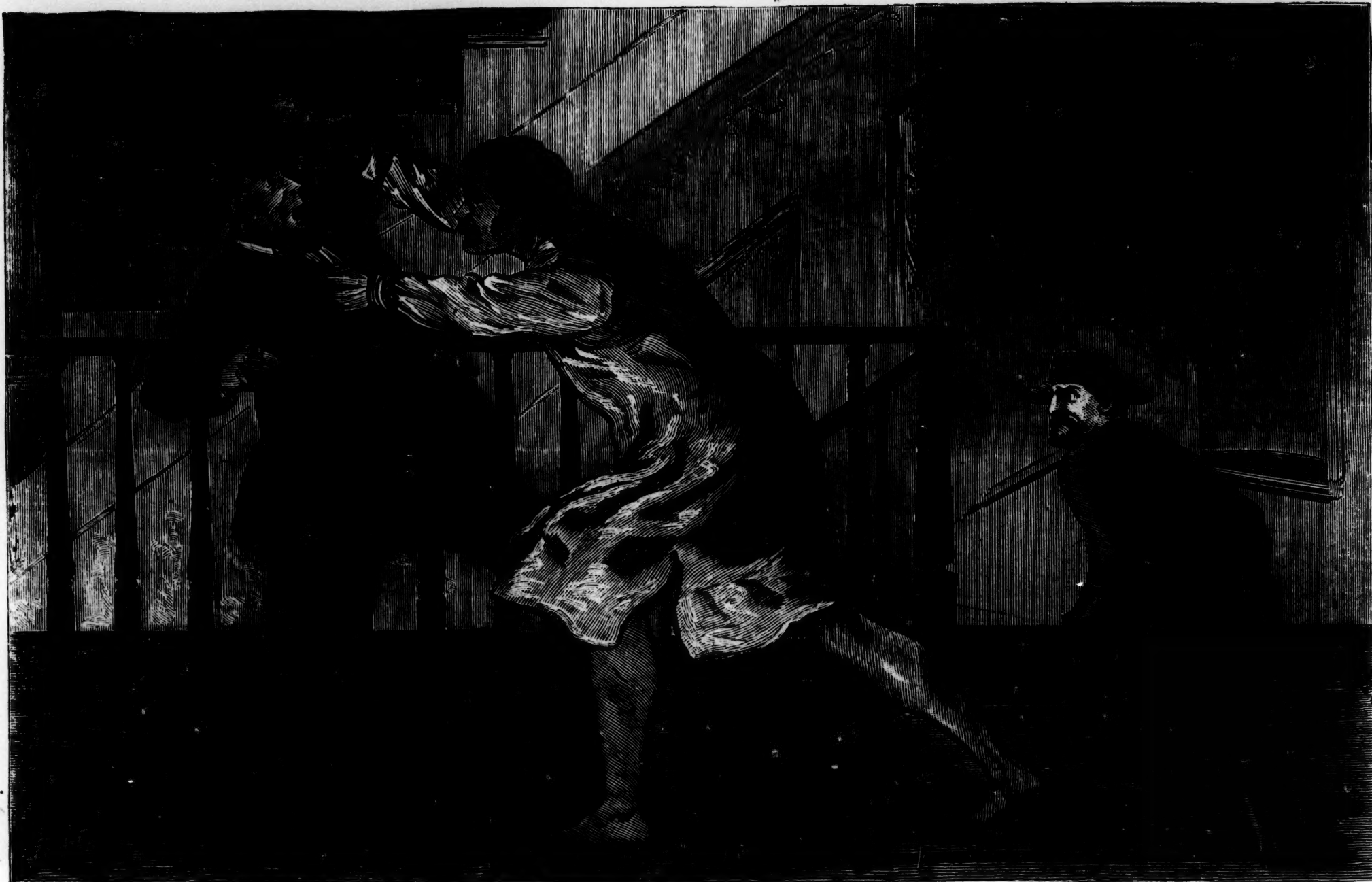
Liberty, in which the former sues the latter for services rendered in finding the latter a wife. In May last or thereabouts a bargain was effected between the two parties, in which Mr. Washington was to give Mr. Flanigan a cow or \$30 in money for such services. Mr. Flanigan being well acquainted with a number of attractive ladies in Middletown, Orange county, N. Y., informed the said defendant, Washington, that he would go with him to Middletown and introduce him to some of his lady acquaintances there and aid him



LOUIS STRAUSS, ALIAS SIMONS, EX-PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AND LANGUAGES; WANTED AT LOWELL, MASS., FOR ALLEGED EMBEZZLEMENT.

all he could consistently in procuring a wife. They accordingly went to that village together and Flanigan introduced the defendant to several ladies, one of whom the latter admired, and negotiations were at once commenced between them to effect a marriage contract. Two weeks from that time, in St. Joseph's Catholic Church, the defendant, Patrick Washington, and Mary Boyle were married and have ever since that time been living together as husband and wife. After the defendant and his wife returned home a demand was made by plaintiff upon him for the cow or the \$30. The defendant refused to give either, on the ground that if it was known throughout the neighborhood that he, Flanigan, had been the means of procuring him a wife, he would be rejected from all society and shunned by all who knew him. The jury, after being out two minutes, returned a verdict of \$30 for plaintiff.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 14.—Edward Menus shot and killed J. McIntosh, his nephew, eight miles from this city Saturday night. During the affray Menus was severely if not fatally wounded.



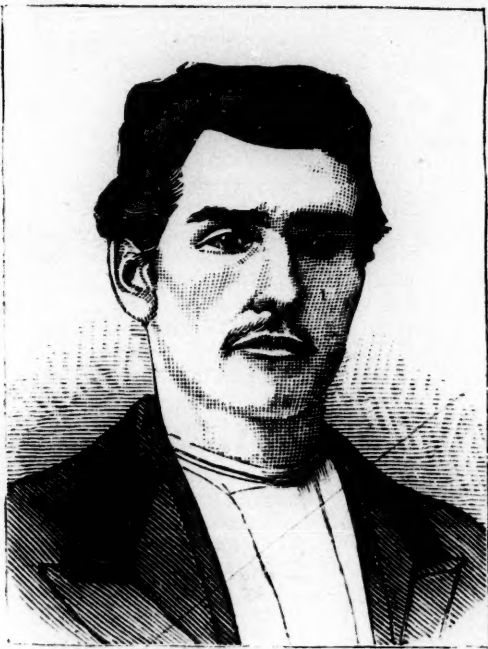
THRILLING ADVENTURE OF MR. GEORGE W. BRYANT WITH TWO DESPERATE BURGLARIOUS INTRUDERS IN HIS HOUSE AT NIGHT—AN AFFAIR THAT NEARLY RESULTED IN A REPETITION OF THE HULL TRAGEDY; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.

Murderous Mokes Swung Off.

WARRENTON, Va., July 11.—The first execution of criminals condemned to suffer capital punishment in Virginia since the passage of the law by the last general assembly requiring the same to be done in private, occurred here this morning, the culprits being two negroes—John Williams, who murdered Howard Haltzclaw, acting railroad agent and telegraph operator at Warrenton Junction, on the Virginia Midland road, in February last, and Winter Payne, for killing an old negro named James Adams, near Salem, Ferguson county, in April. The execution took place in the yard of the Fauquier county jail, in the presence of the officers of the court and jail, two preachers—one white and the other colored—and about twenty-five others, including the guard. This guard embraced the representatives of the press, it having been decided that their only means of admission was becoming a part thereof. Several hundred people gathered outside the jail, in the hope of gaining admittance, but the sheriff was inexorable. At the remarkably early hour of six-fifteen A. M.,—their sentences fixing the execution between five and seven A. M.,—the prisoners were brought from their cells and made to ascend the scaffold, the ministers and Sheriff Robert Whittaker and his deputy, E. E. Gray, accompanying them. Both men showing considerable nervousness. When questioned by the sheriff as to whether they had anything to say neither answered, and the officers proceeded to pinion their arms and legs, the ministers meanwhile speaking comforting words and offering a prayer for mercy. During this Williams remained silent, but Payne at intervals uttered appeals for mercy in a low tone. At six twenty-six the trap was sprung, giving them a fall of nearly five feet. Their struggles were brief and not violent. Payne's pulse ceased to beat in nine minutes and that of Williams' in eighteen. After hanging nearly twenty-five minutes the bodies were lowered into rude pine coffins, that of Payne being turned over to his friends, while that of Williams was buried in a neighboring field. Upon examination a physician pronounced that both had died of strangulation. This is the first execution in this county since 1839.

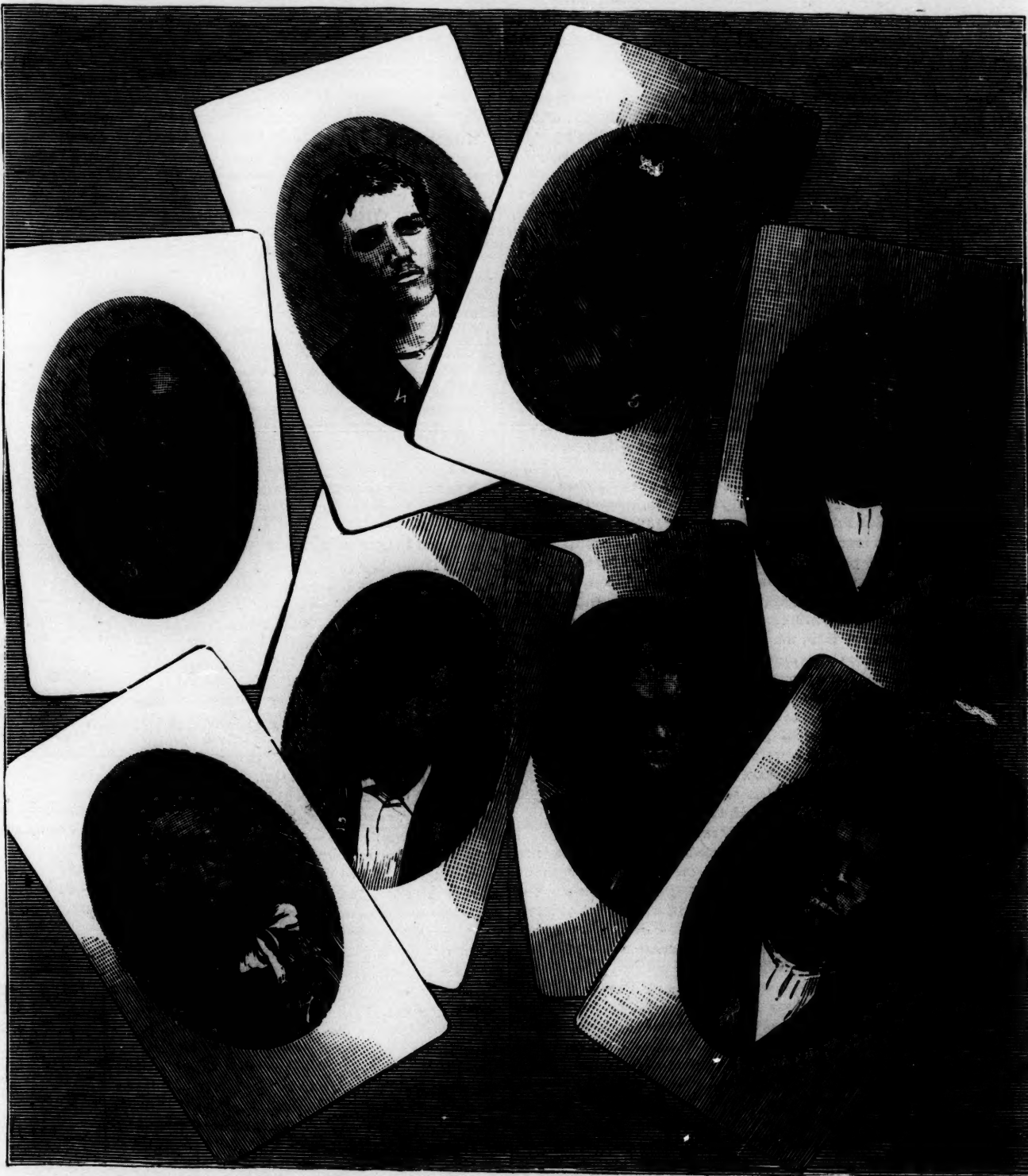
Devoured by Sharks.

Mr. A. Irwin Booth, of Southold, L. I., on Friday, the 11th inst., found on the Sound beach, about one and three-quarter miles west of Horton's Point Light, the skeleton of a man from which nearly all the flesh had been removed, probably by fish. There was some flesh upon the back, and the hair which remained on the back of the head was jet black, straight and cut quite short. The man's height was about five feet three inches, and his age was judged to have been about thirty-five. The teeth were regular, though somewhat discolored, and one was missing from the left side of the lower jaw. The left foot and the lower



JOHN McQUADE, THE YOUNG CHICAGO THUG AND BRUTAL MURDERER OF ROBERT ANDERSON.

part of the leg were entire, having on a cotton sock and a light calfskin pegged boot, No. 7 or 8, with the slightest sign of wear on it. The leg of the boot was badly cut by sharks' teeth. On the wrists were the wristbands of what seemed to have been a flannel shirt, and on the legs the remnants of cotton drawers or trousers lining. The skull and other bones bore no marks of violence. The remains were brought to



THE ROMER BEST GANG OF NEGRO BURGLARS; BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 2.

1—Romer Best, the leader, sentenced to ten years imprisonment. 2—Rosanna Alderman, a female accomplice. 3—Samuel W. Hunter, sentenced with Best. 4—Harry Radcliff, alias Benjamin Smith, the white accomplice, who got rid of the "stuff." 5—Elizabeth Cook, female accomplice. 6—Samuel H. Waring, sentenced with Best. 7—Susan Walker, female accomplice. 8—William Thomas, alias George, awaiting trial.

the village in charge of an undertaker. Justice J. W. Case, acting as coroner, summoned a jury, which returned a verdict of death from some unknown cause. The body was buried in the cemetery of the First Church. The boot and shirt button will be preserved as the only possible means of identification.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, July 12.—The stage from Fort Clark to Uvalde was halted to-day fourteen miles from the latter place by road agents. The driver was made to throw out the mail sacks, which were rifled of all registered packages. One of the passengers was robbed of a small sum.



CAPTAIN JOHN RILEY, COMMANDING TWELFTH PRECINCT, BROOKLYN, N. Y. POLICE FORCE; EXTERMINATOR OF THE ROMER BEST GANG OF NEGRO BURGLARS.

Life in Leadville.

(Subject of Illustration.)

LEADVILLE, Col., July 4.—A young man of some twenty years of age arrived here a few days since with a few dollars of his own and \$200 or \$300 belonging to friends, who desired him to invest for their benefit, if he found an opportunity. At the hotel where the youth stopped he met a man older than himself, who stated that he also was on the lookout for some investments, and easily persuaded his young friend to accompany him to the office of two gentlemen, who, he said, had large experience and considerable property in this region. An hour or two spent in discussing locations and examining specimens, cards were produced, a friendly game was begun, and the young man found himself the winner of some dollars. Wine, a visit to a variety theatre and an introduction to some of the actresses followed. The party returned to the office, and after this the young man's recollections were vague. There was play, both with cards and dice, and there were lottery tickets sold, and it was the boy's impression that he was winning large sums of money; but there could be no doubt whatever that at an early hour in the morning he was sitting on the steps of his hotel, without one cent in his pocket, and thoroughly sobered. If he had only lost his own money it would have been nothing, but the money intrusted to him by his friends was gone, too. He made up his mind to commit suicide, but, wishing to leave a clear account of his motives behind him, he confided his purpose to a middle-aged man, who had seen service in the camp. The latter gave him advice, which he took. Without a moment's loss of time, the young man repaired to the "office" where he had been robbed. So simple and helpless had he seemed, that the three bunks had not thought it worth while to decamp. They were all three there half-asleep, seizing by the collar with one hand the man who had played stool-pigeon and placing a revolver to his head with the other, the young man simply said, "I want my money now!" The bunko began, "Why, you d-d fool, you —" The pistol cracked and the man fell.

As quickly as the smoke cleared away the boy had a second one by the collar, and repeated his formula and demonstration: "I want my money now!" It was instantly handed him. No coroner was notified; no police were called upon; no newspaper reporter heard a word. But there is a newly-dug grave in the cemetery in which lie the mortal remains of a bunko steerer, who was very well, indeed, a few days ago, but who, according to his partner's story, died quite suddenly of pneumonia. This is such a trying climate!

Fatal Row at a Negro Hoe-Down.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 12.—In a row at a negro ball, near the Three-Mile House, in the western suburbs of the city, between two and three o'clock this morning



EDWARD THICKPENNY, CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF MRS. CATHARINE THOMPSON, AT MARKHAM, CANADA.

Scott Hunter shot and instantly killed Eugene Black and wounded Ben George. Hunter was arrested.

Mr. Plum committed suicide at Palmer, Kansas, and his wife, on hearing of her bereavement also killed herself. The daughter made an attempt, on the following day, to hang herself, but was rescued.

AN OLD MURDER MYSTERY

Cleared After Forty-Three Years of Doubt
By the Statement of One Who Was
Almost an Eye-Witness to the Crime.

A STRANGE REVELATION.

The Lover of the Beautiful But Unfortunate
Helen Jewett Clearly Proved to Have
Been Guilty of the Terrible Deed.

HIS LUCKY ESCAPE FROM THE GALLOWS.

The mystery connected with the tragedy in which Helen Jewett lost her life, a tragedy familiar to all New Yorkers, has at last been solved. The assassin, Richard P. Robinson, though tried, was acquitted by means of an alibi. Had the evidence given below been produced before the court, his conviction, it is safe to say, must have been certain.

Over forty years have passed since the night when Mr. D. B. Sanford, formerly a street commissioner of Bayonne City, N. J., and at present a member of the Board of Education there, a gentleman of standing, well known, and highly reputed in the community where he resides, was unwittingly made the recipient of a friend's confidence respecting the murder. Yet so vividly were the circumstances impressed upon his mind that in narrating them did so with rare and graphic facility of expression that showed how deeply he had been impressed with the dreadful secret of which he became the repository.

Briefly, the life of Helen Jewett was similar to that of thousands of young women who, while still in the early blush of maidenhood, fall from the path of virtue and live for a few years a life of heedless dissipation, too often ending in disease, sickness, death, the "Potter's field," or suicide. Born in Augusta, Me., of poor parentage, Helen, having attracted the attention of a benevolent gentleman living there, received a good education. But while still young she fell into bad company and

LEFT THE PARENTAL ROOF.

In Boston and some other New England towns she was for a time well known, and at length on coming to New York she entered the house of a Mrs. Rosina Townsend, 41 Thomas street, where shortly she became well known to all the fast young men about town. Beautiful in face and figure, her notoriety increased rapidly, and at the time of her death, which the tragic circumstances of her fate made universally prominent, was well known among the entire community.

A few days ago Mr. Sanford, while in conversation with some friends, inadvertently let fall some expressions which led some of these present to believe that he knew far more about the murder of Helen Jewett than had ever been made public. At his residence, at Lamapo, N. J., Mr. Sanford subsequently, though at first very loth to speak upon the subject to a reporter, after considerable persuasion was induced to make public what practically sets at rest forever the question as to

WHO MURDERED HELEN JEWETT.

The ex-commissioner's statement is given as taken from his own mouth:

"On Sunday morning, the 19th of April, 1836, I started after breakfast for a walk, and in passing up Greenwich street saw a crowd standing around Mrs. Townsend's door, 41 Thomas street. Knowing the character of the place, I crossed over to see what the fun was, imagining that some of the boys had got into a row with the watch or with the people of the house. As I stood on the outside of the crowd some one told me that there'd been a murder, and while I was repeating the word murder over again William Harrington, the butcher, who then had a stall in Washington Market, came up and spoke to me. We were friends, and I asked him if he knew who had been murdered. He said yes, and then asked me if I wanted to go in. I answered I would, and he then gave a peculiar knock upon the door (he was well known there). It was opened and he went in, I following him. The first person we encountered after entering was the coroner, who told us we'd have to serve upon the jury. This I for one did not want to do, and while I was remonstrating the deputy arrived, bringing with him a 'full panel,' which

AT ONCE RELEASED US.

I remained there the whole afternoon viewing the proceedings, but left early in the evening. I remember seeing the body; it was lying on the bed just as it had been found when the watchman rushed in on the alarm of fire. The long hair streaming over the pillows, the gore soaking into the pillow-cases, and the stains growing darker and darker as the blood dried. A frightful gash was on the right side of the head, I think, with the blood clotted, a thin little rill showing the side where the fluid had percolated through the thick, dried blood. She had been beautiful, and I had known her by sight, as a young fellow will know almost any woman of her kind who is notorious, but I had never been in the house before, nor known her to speak to. The circumstances of her burial and Richard P. Robinson's (known as Frank Rivers) trial I pass over, as every one knows something of them. Robinson got off on proving an alibi, although there were not wanting those who questioned the verdict. As such things will do, the circumstances had entirely escaped my memory, when it was revived in a manner that sufficed to impress me so effectually that I have

NEVER SINCE BEEN ABLE TO FORGET IT.

It came about in this way: Two or three months after the trial and Robinson's subsequent disappearance three of us young men were together one evening, and passing through Thomas street we arrived opposite Mrs. Townsend's house and paused for a moment and looked across the street at it. Then as we turned away our conversation chanced upon the murder, and

upon some of the peculiar circumstances of the alibi; that is, of the evidence produced by the defense to prove it. One of our party, a young man named William Fountain, who had been an intimate friend and constant companion of Robinson's, while the other party present and myself had had only what might be termed a casual acquaintanceship. Fountain pooh-poohed our theories, and spoke in a queer, disjointed fashion that surprised me. Finally he said that, if it had not been for getting himself into a mess, he could have come forward and proved that Robinson was in Miss Jewett's room on the night of the murder; that he had heard their voices, and overheard part of an angry conversation which took place between them. I asked him 'How he knew?' adding, jokingly, 'I guess you must have been there.' 'I know it, and can prove it,' Fountain continued, not paying any heed for the moment to what I had said, 'and if I'd had a mind to, I could have put a veer'

'DIFFERENT FACT UPON THE WHOLE AFFAIR.'

Then, in answer to my question of 'You must have been there yourself?' replied, 'Of course I was. It was in this way: On the night when Helen Jewett was murdered I had gone to Mrs. Townsend's in the early portion of the evening. While there I heard some one enter an adjoining room, which I knew to be occupied by Miss Jewett. The partition between the rooms was of wood, thin and cracked, and the light could be seen through and any conversation overheard. There was a pause of a few moments after Miss Jewett's door was opened and shut, as if the person who had entered was engaged in rousing the sleeper. Then there was a murmur of conversation, some loud words from the man, whose voice I recognized as that of Robinson's, saying: 'I intend to get it and will have it, and come prepared to get it.' There was some further conversation, a repetition of the words I have already told you, then silence, followed by the sound of some one moving about the room. More loud talk, in which Miss Jewett's voice was heard as if in defense; a threat to show something, then quiet. While the angry discussion was going on I had peeped through one of the cracks and had seen the

FIGURES OF A MAN AND A WOMAN.

When the outcry was first made in the morning my only thought was to get out of the place without being seen. Robinson proved that at the time the murder was committed he was in a different portion of the city. This he did by means of the testimony of a grocer whose name I forget. After the trial this person said that he had made a mistake. I just know how it all came about. Rivers, or Robinson—all the people about town knew him as Rivers—had been visiting Helen Jewett for some time; she was of a very passionate disposition, and her likes and dislikes were strong. Shortly before the night of the murder Robinson, who in the meantime had been making love to a young lady, got engaged to her. Helen Jewett heard of this and used to threaten to tell her all about his (Robinson's) having been with her, and to prove their intimacy by showing her a miniature likeness of his (Robinson's) which he had given her. This brought about frequent quarrels, and on the night in question there is no doubt but what he went to Mrs. Townsend's with the fixed purpose of obtaining the likeness, as he and the lady were about to be married, and for that purpose had brought with him the hatchet from the store intending to break open

THE TRUNK IN WHICH SHE KEPT THE MINIATURE.

The trunk was found not to have been tampered with, so the supposition is that Miss Jewett, when she got up—that is, at the time Fountain heard her moving—went to the trunk, got the miniature, and gave it to him.

The hatchet and the cloak found afterward in the back yard were undoubtedly dropped by Robinson in getting over the fence. The seat of his trousers were covered with whitewash where he had just rested for a moment on the top rail before dropping to the other side. It needed, therefore, but Fountain's testimony to have convicted him. The certainty is that Robinson, after getting the miniature, had sat on the side of the bed until Miss Jewett fell asleep; then in a sudden moment of fury had struck the fatal blow as she lay sleeping, and then made his escape, taking the new cloak and the hatchet along with him, but dropped them in his hurry in getting over the fence. Probably, too, he set fire to the bed-clothes after committing the deed in the hope that the body might be burned and

NO TRACE OF THE MURDER LEFT.

No sooner was he discharged than Robinson left New York and was entirely lost sight of for several years, when he was found in San Antonio (I think), Texas, engaged in the carpet business, under the name of Frank Thompson. Some years later still, an old friend, one who had known him well when he was in New York, met him one day in a street in Philadelphia. He was little changed, and the gentleman went up and spoke to him, calling him by his name of Robinson. At first he refused to answer by that name, and said his name was Frank Thompson. Afterward, I believe, he admitted his identity. Both Robinson and the friend who was with me when Fountain made the confession are dead several years ago. As for Fountain, I really cannot tell you whether he is in the land of the living or not.

The Montreal Tragic Horror.

(With Portraits.)

In our issue of the 12th inst., we published a full account, with accurate illustration, of the horrible murder of Mary Gallagher, and the decapitation and mutilation of the body, in a low brothel in Montreal, Canada. In the current issue we present portraits of Mrs. Susan Mears, in whose residence the atrocious crime with which she is charged was committed, Jacob Mears, her husband, and Michael Flanagan, who was in the company of the victim on the night of the murder, and who is held as an accomplice.

At McKavitt, Tex., on the 16th, while Constable Cisco was taking Andrew Burns to jail the latter broke away. Cisco drew a pistol and commanded him to stop. Burns bared his bosom and dared Cisco to shoot. The constable fired three shots, all of which struck Burns in the breast, inflicting fatal wounds.

HORSE THIEVES OF THE WABASH.

Early Days of the League of Depredators on
Equine Property in the Hoosier State—How
They Were Rooted Out by the Regulators
and How the Remedy Proved Worse Than
the Disease.

WILLIAMSPORT, Ind., July 7.—The great horse-thief rendezvous of western Indiana was once in this county and within ten miles of this the county seat. Redwood Point was once known all over the west from the Ohio to the Mississippi, for into its dense groves passed hundreds of horses which were never seen again by the owners, unless, perchance, they should visit St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati or Louisville, and there find them in the custody of some innocent purchaser.

The gang of thieves who operated all over three states made their headquarters at the house of old Ike High, who owned the most of the land covered by the point of timber which jutted out into the prairie. Forty years ago the grass on this prairie grew high enough to conceal a horse, and the black-jack thickets were so dense that, once within them, nothing but chance would disclose the place of concealment of not only one, but two or three horses. But High was not silly enough to trust to brush alone. He had constructed a cave in which he could safely keep ten horses; and that was about as large a stock as the average horse-thief cared to carry at one time, or

AS THE GANG COULD SUPPLY.

The mode of operation of this gang was to run in horses from all points, and again send them out from their rendezvous. If the horses were captured toward the Ohio they were, after proper time, pushed on to St. Louis or Chicago; often in droves, and sold openly at the sale stables. The salesmen were good judges of horses, and they often traded the stolen horses to farmers who lived away from the traveled roads. Northern Indiana and Illinois horses were taken to Louisville or Cincinnati.

Henry High, a son of the old "fence," was one of the most active and daring men of the whole gang. He boasted while in the penitentiary that he had stolen over three hundred horses, often bringing in two and three per week, and yet he traversed the same ground over and over for ten years before his final detection, and even then it took

THREE TRIALS TO SECURE HIS IDENTITY.

By the use of some kind of dye the gang would change the color of a bay, gray or sorrel to a beautiful black, and so cover all identifying marks that nothing but a change of coat would disclose the fraud. This art seemed to especially belong to High, who on one occasion actually sold a horse back to the man from whom he had been stolen. High always carried arms, was a dead shot, and he soon became so much of a terror that no two men could be found who would attempt his arrest. On one occasion a sheriff from the southeastern part of the state came upon him suddenly at West Lebanon, and before he could rally any of the gang, had mounted him on a fleet horse and started for this place, where he intended keeping him in jail over night. When within about a mile of the town, he was met by old Ike, who saw the situation at a glance. Riding up to the sheriff, he asked him where he was going with that man. The sheriff told him, giving all the details. "Have you a warrant for him?" asked the old man. "None but this," showing a double-barreled pistol. "And I have a writ of habeas corpus which ranks that," remarked old Ike as he struck the sheriff a blow with the loaded butt of his whip.

FELLING HIM TO THE GROUND.

To untie the hands of his son, mount him on his own horse and bid him fly was the work of a moment, after which the old man leisurely made his way home on foot. Shortly after this the young man was arrested in Illinois and brought to this place and confined in jail. He was promptly indicted, but he secured the best legal talent in the county, and when the case came on, was acquitted. Within a few weeks he was back again, and this time the proof was so clear as to insure conviction. The terms of court were held once in six months, and before the next term came on, friends had aided him to escape from the jail, and take with him all the thieves confined there.

The organization of regulators followed, as a matter of course. A company of one hundred was organized of course. A company, under the command of Captain Bowles, a wealthy farmer, who at an early day had migrated here from Maryland, where he was said his character was none of the best, but the ownership of property had made him conservative upon the question of private property. He could swear in a breath of Maryland Dutch, and by the frequent use of fire-arms left the impression that he was always thirsty for gore, and so he was, if it could be shed without danger to himself.

The band of regulators was mainly composed of good men, but it also embraced many persons who were too cowardly to steal and too lazy to work, but were always ready to assist at a lynching if they could overpower a man.

The work of extermination was begun promptly. The company raided the point, and in the attack upon High's place quite a number of shots were fired, and it was told that two or three of the gang were left to rot in the woods. Young High succeeded in mounting a fleet horse, and, in company with two companions, started for the headwaters of the Vermillion River in Illinois, thinking his pursuers would halt at the state line. But his reckonings were all wrong, for they kept right on, and finally brought him to bay in a prairie grove, where his companions were killed, and he wounded and captured. He was brought back to Williamsport and put in jail, and regular details made from the company to guard the jail. When the case came on for trial fifty members of the company daily sat in the court-room, or appeared around the court-house with their shot-guns, waiting, as then announced, for a verdict of guilty, and the jury found him guilty and the sentence was fixed at

TEN YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY.

Other convictions followed, and within two years

farmers could turn their best horses out to graze, and though they might wander miles away, they were never stolen, and rarely taken up as estrays.

The regulator company having fulfilled its mission against the horse-thieves, then turned its attention to the redress of the private grievances of its members. Unoffending persons were taken from their houses and whipped or driven out of the country for no reason on earth save that some member of the company had a spite at them. Bowles made himself a greater terror than the Highs had been. No one dared to appeal to the courts, for grand and petit juries were under the same influence. If any man was the owner of a tract of land which some member of the company wanted, an excuse was soon found to drive him from the country.

The climax of outrages was reached when Peter Hastings, a member of the company, quarreled with a harmless fellow named Bill Ellsworth about a woman who was employed at the only hotel in this place. Ellsworth mounted a horse and rode three miles into the country and borrowed a revolver (the only one in the county) from Bowles, and rode back to the town, when he walked up behind Ellsworth and deliberately shot him in the back.

KILLING HIM ALMOST INSTANTLY.

Hastings had told Bowles of his intention, and as the intended murderer rode toward the town Bowles and his sons and brother-in-law were riding through the country calling the company together.

The assassin was arrested shortly after the killing, taken before a justice of the peace, who, under threats, was compelled to admit him to bail. When the trial came on the regulators—armed to the teeth—filled the town and announced that no jury could live that would convict one of their members. The result was a verdict of not guilty. By this time the honest people of the town and country saw the necessity of organizing against the regulators, and they did so to that extent that the company quietly disbanded. Bowles lived and flourished until after the war, when bankruptcy came upon him, leaving him destitute in his old age. James Swank, one of his lieutenants, fled the country before the war, while the other active members of the company, with but two or three exceptions, committed some act which, if not a crime, was a disgrace. Retribution for their crimes seems to have overtaken the most of them.

CURSED COONS.

A Negro Mob, Attempting to Lynch a White
Man for Flogging Three Blacks for Slandering
a Lady, Gets Ignominiously Thrashed
and Takes to its Double-Extension Heels.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HINTON, W. Va., July 14.—For several days past the negroes about this town have been gossiping in a manner derogatory to the character of a young white lady, who is the affianced of Mr. Lonnie Peck, a popular employe of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. Last Friday evening Peck overheard three negro men using the young lady's name lightly, and he immediately gave each of them a thorough cowhiding. Later at night eight negroes attacked Peck, declaring their determination to hang him. Peck escaped them and was soon joined by citizens and railroad men to the number of seventy-five.

This party, commanded by C. Mayhugh, an engineer of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, famous for his daring, made a raid on the negroes and drove them out of town.

SEVERAL HARMLESS SHOTS BEING FIRED.

Saturday reports were in circulation that the negroes had gone to New River, where a large force of negroes are employed by government in removing obstructions from the river, to obtain reinforcements, and the announcement was made that they were coming back to hang Peck in retaliation for the hanging of Mart Lee, at Coal Valley, some time since, and also for Peck's whipping the three men. When this report was received the whites sent to Coal Valley for fifty white miners to come up and help them.

About dark Saturday night a band of negroes, one hundred or more strong, came up from the river, commanded by a notorious desperado called Captain Dick America. They marched about town in regular military style, being commanded by Captain Dick in loud tones. They cursed, bellowed and made hideous noises like a band of savages, and vowed

THEY WOULD HANG PECK BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

The miners, seventy-five strong who had been sent for, arrived on the nine o'clock train from Coal Valley, and having joined Peck's friends at the depot marched upon the negroes, who fled precipitately at the first and only volley. Ten negroes were caught, stripped of their clothing, tied to trees and were well, but not cruelly whipped and then turned loose. The white men made every effort to capture Captain Dick America, but failed. They openly avowed their intention of lynching him had he been caught.

The miners remained here all day yesterday and this morning, when the negroes making no further demonstrations, they returned to their work at their homes. To-night quiet reigns again in Hinton. Coal Valley, calling when this affair will break out. But there is no report from Friday night till this afresh. The excitement is intense.

morning was, of course, intense.

Murderer's Fate.

(With Portrait.)
On the 6th of April last, at Hinton, W. Va., a terrible murder was committed. Mrs. Catharine Thacker, a widow, lived alone and earned a scanty living by sewing, and had saved a small amount of money. On the morning of the 7th of April a baker who called at her house found her lying on the floor covered with blood, with her skull crushed in. There was no doubt to the murderer for over two weeks. Suspicion finally rested upon one Edward Thickpenny, a farm laborer. He was arrested and made a bold and remarkable confession of the crime. He said "he killed her for money, as he was almost starving and had no work." All the money he could find was \$7.50. He was recently tried at Hinton and sentenced to be hung in September next, which has since, however, been commuted to imprisonment for life. His portrait is given on another page.

THE WOES OF WAH SING.

Pathetic Tale of a Luckless Chinese Washer-man, Whose Extravagant Fondness for Melican Girl Brings Him Into

A COMPLICATION OF TROUBLES.

Shorn of his Hard-Earned Cash by a False Delilah, Shot by her Accomplice and Arrested as an Offender by the Police.

REPENTANCE AT LEISURE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A curious scene with an almost tragic termination in which an industrious Chinese "washee" man was the victim in a double if not in a triple sense, was enacted on East Fourteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, about noon on Friday, 11th inst.

Wah Sing, a Chinaman, about thirty-five years of age, keeps a neat little laundry at 114 Third avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. He has only been in this country about one year, having come to New York, like most of his countrymen, by way of San Francisco. He has in his employ three or four Chinamen, among whom is Lee Ing. Wah Sing is well proportioned and stalwart, and has a rather prepossessing face. Lee Ing is also a strong man. Wah Sing was not infrequently the recipient of interested visits from "Melican" women, some of whom, it may fairly be presumed, were scarcely as high above suspicion as Caesar's wife. At least a "friend" of Wah Sing's, who also washes and irons for a living, gave a reporter to understand that

GALLANTRY WAS ONE OF HIS CHIEF FOIBLES.

It may be inferred, therefore, as will be seen, although it cannot be stated positively, that Friday's exciting episode arose primarily, although incidentally, from this fact.

One of Wah Sing's most intimate female friends is a woman who claims Brooklyn as her dwelling place. She admired Wah Sing for his good looks, but at the same time she had an eye to his rather thrifty purse. He was not without his suspicions of her motives, and during her quite frequent calls at the laundry he was careful not to be absent from her presence for even a few moments. According to the meager description to be obtained of her, she is rather below the medium height, with dark brown hair, bright eyes, a full round face and plump form. Her clothing was somber. On that day, about half past eleven, she entered Wah Sing's shop, accompanied by another woman, and after the usual greetings in refined "pigeon English" she

ASKED WAH SING FOR A DRINK OF WATER.

In one corner of the shop hung a pair of pantaloons belonging to Wah Sing, and in the act of complying with her wish he turned his back toward them and her. Another Chinaman, also called Wah, had left the front part of the shop to get a hot iron from the stove. The "Melican" woman rose softly, and hastening lightly across the floor seized Wah Sing's trousers, thrust her hand into one of the pockets and drew out his pocketbook. Then she turned and hurried out of the shop and up the avenue. Wah Sing had caught a glimpse of the last of her motions in abstracting the pocketbook, and her foot had no sooner touched the sidewalk than he followed in pursuit. A darkly robed woman careering through the streets with an olive tinted Celestial chasing her, his pigtail streaming out behind, was such a spectacle as had never been seen before, perhaps, in all the wide expanse of the western continent, and it is certain there are few things which could have gathered a multitude in so short a space of time. Quickly from all quarters people ran together. Hundreds of them seemed to pour out of the houses, hundreds more to spring from the very ground. The Chinaman yelled lustily:

"STOPPEE MELICAN GULL! STOPPEE MELICAN LOBBEL!" The Celestial's uncouth shouting was not understood, however, and the spontaneous thought of all seemed to be that a representative heathen was perpetrating an outrage upon a representative Caucasian.

The chase was not a long one. The stronger legs of Wah Sing bore him nearer and nearer to the raven-like fugitive. At the corner of Fourteenth street she turned westward. When she had gone about two hundred yards from Third avenue Wah Sing had nearly caught up with her, and Lee Ing was following close at his heels. Opposite the Manhattan Laundry, 103 East Fourteenth street, he paused for one second to see if his friend was near him. Then he sped on, and within one hundred feet of Fourth avenue he took hold of her. An enormous crowd immediately closed in about them, shouting, gesticulating and pressing together in the wildest confusion and with the most frantic uproar. Wah Sing endeavored to drag the woman back the way she had come.

As he grasped her he clutched his pocket-book which she was in the act of hurling away. But his joy was short-lived, for she had, while running, skillfully abstracted the money and either secreted it about her or passed it to her accomplice.

Lee Ing aided his employer in dragging the woman toward Third avenue. The woman shrieked "Murder!" and called for help. In response to her appeals ominous voices in the crowd began to be heard threatening the Chinamen, and

THEY STOOD UPON THE DEFENSIVE.

Wah Sing drew an ugly knife, and brandished it about him, while Lee Ing flourished a piece of broomstick; but so far as can be learned nobody was either cut or struck by them.

A tall man—and this is the only description of him that can be obtained—stepped forward and seized the Chinaman by the collar, telling him to let the woman go and giving him a blow with his fist. It is alleged that Wah Sing drew a knife and attempted to stab him. A pistol was then fired by some one in the

throng and he was wounded in the face, just below the cheekbone. The woman in the meantime had taken advantage of the diversion in her favor, and, leaving the pocket-book in the hands of Wah Sing, had disappeared. It is said that when last seen she was hastening down Fourth avenue.

Wah Sing, after he was shot, shook off the grasp of the man who had hit him, and ran again toward Fourth avenue, as if pursued by the very demon of fear. Lee Ing sprang through the throng in the opposite direction. But a patrolman intercepted the former, who was faint from the effects of his wound, and two other patrolmen gave chase to the latter. Lee Ing put all his energies into his legs, but the patrolmen had the better of him in that they had not previously exhausted themselves. Lee Ing's career was stopped in front of the chapel, but

HE STRUGGLED FIERCELY BEFORE YIELDING.

In his unenlightened heathen way he could see no justice in his arrest and it took four of the guardians of the peace to subjugate him. He is a stalwart barbarian only three months in this country and not educated out of the superstition that he has rights that even policemen must respect.

One of the officers was almost entirely stripped of his clothing in his endeavor to secure him. Great rents were torn in his official blue coat. Two citizens assisted in holding him before he could be overpowered.

The prisoners were followed to the Eighteenth precinct station-house in Twenty-second street, although they were arrested in the Seventeenth precinct, by as many as five thousand persons of both sexes. Wah Sing was sent to the Bellevue Hospital and Lee Ing was taken before Justice Kilbreth in the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court, where, upon the facts being stated, he was discharged.

It is supposed that the robbery was deliberately planned by some thief who had carefully noticed the laundryman's habits in keeping his money where it was convenient of access in business hours; that this thief sent the women in to do the job, himself remaining outside to receive the booty from them and cover their retreat, and that he it was who, in the excitement and confusion on the street, put the muzzle of his pistol to poor Wah Sing's face and lodged a bullet in his head.

A Negro Saturnalia of Crime.

ACCOMACK, Va., July 8.—Lewis White, the negro murderer of John Laws, has not yet been arrested, and probably will not soon. He is still at large, and was seen at Sageville, near Onancock, only a few days ago, boasting that he was waiting an opportunity to kill the two negro women, the only witnesses to the deed. He declares his purpose to send some other souls where the sulphur fumeth before he will be satisfied, and defies any man to attempt his capture. This is the third murder committed in this county, almost under the shadow of the court-house, within a comparatively recent period, in the other cases two white women being the victims. Every one remembers the finding of Miss Scott brutally murdered within two miles of Onancock; and still more recently of the shooting of an aged lady while standing in her own door, near Locustmount. The whole charge was lodged in her stomach and her head fearfully crushed as by the breech of a gun. And yet no adequate steps were taken to apprehend the bloody wretches, who, in all probability, are yet going about free in our midst seeking other victims, or at least only waiting for some fancied provocation to repeat their fearful crime. In addition to the three cases mentioned there is every reason to believe that a murder occurred immediately within the limits of Onancock during the last month in the case of a colored woman named Harriet Hopkins, who was found at her home in an insensible condition, apparently having been knocked in the head with a club. She lingered a week and died, without ever recovering sufficiently to make a statement.

A Lively Birthday Party.

Scott Hunter, a St. Louis negro, gave a party on his fortieth birthday, and invited all the colored folks of his acquaintance. The guests were a little surprised and indignant when they were compelled to pay an admission fee of ten cents at the door, but Hunter explained that the money would be spent for music and beer, and good feeling was restored. Dancing was kept up until two o'clock in the morning, at which time Hunter's wife thought the gathering ought to disperse, and she said so. Surprise and indignation again possessed the guests. Mrs. Hunter remarked that the gate had been broken. "De cows did it, I guess," said a young lady. "Yes, a two-legged cow," Mrs. Hunter retorted. That offended all the ladies present, and their gallant escorts took up their cause. Hunter was loyal to his wife in this emergency. He took down a gun and scared the company out of the house; but they learned that the weapon was not loaded, and remained in the yard. Then he loaded his gun and killed Ben George, the dandy of the party.

Athlete Ross' Romance.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 14.—Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch athlete, recently of Canada, who was for some time gymnastic instructor for the Young Men's Christian Association here, was married in New York on Thursday last to Miss Jennie Gerke, daughter of Charles Gerke, a wealthy merchant of Baltimore. Ross accidentally met Miss Gerke at a friend's house while here, and a clandestine intimacy was kept up for some time, and after he left for Canada they corresponded in the same way. Intelligence of the intimacy finally reached Mr. Gerke, who made strenuous efforts to dissuade his daughter from marrying Ross, about whom he knew nothing and who had never visited his residence. Finding the girl determined, Mr. Gerke allowed her to depart, although as she was but sixteen years of age, he could easily have prevented it. A telegraphic message was received by Mr. Gerke to-day from his daughter, asking his forgiveness. Miss Gerke has been educated with great care, and is an accomplished and beautiful girl.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Thrilling Adventure of a Harlem Gentleman With Two Burglarious Intruders in his House, at Night, and his Narrow Escape From Being the Victim of a Tragedy Similar to the Hull Affair.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. George W. Bryant was the victim of an attack by burglars intruders in his own house on Tuesday morning, 8th inst., which only fortunate circumstances prevented from resulting in a repetition of the Hull tragedy. Mr. Bryant's residence is at 113 111th street. In the northwestern corner of the house is a water-closet on the level of the rear yard, which is lower than that of the basement floor and yet higher than that of the cellar. There is only one door to this closet, and it opens into the yard. Diagonally from Mr. Bryant's house and toward the northwest lies a vacant plot of ground which is separated from his yard by only one other, that belonging to a neighbor. The same fence which bounds the rear of this plot bounds the rear of the house yards on 111th or 112th street. The burglars got upon the fence, which is totally unguarded at the top, and crawled or walked along it for a distance of some thirty feet and then dropped upon Mr. Bryant's grass plot. They then entered the water-closet. The wall which separates the lower part of this apartment from the cellar is composed of joists, lath and plaster. One of the burglars had a jimmy, and with this he quietly dug away the plaster, while the other

WATCHED FOR POSSIBLE INTERRUPTIONS.

After the plaster had been removed from a sufficient area the laths were cut, leaving a rectangular hole barely big enough to admit the passage of one ordinary man. The depredators slipped through the wall into the cellar. They mounted to the basement, entered the dining-room and laid hands upon the silverware which they found upon the buffet, piling it on the table and turning up the table cover so that it could have been used as a means of carrying it away. They then went up to the first floor and pried open the door between the front parlor and the hall, after first trying the one opening from the back parlor. Nothing was disturbed in either of these rooms excepting the cover of the piano, which they rolled back. They next climbed the stairs which led to the second story. Fortunately for Mr. Bryant, the hall carpets had been taken up, so that the least noise made upon the floor was audible. The burglars pried open the door opening from a front bed-room upon the second hall, and not succeeding in forcing the sliding one between that and the rear bed-room in which Mr. Bryant slept they returned to the hall. All the rooms through which they had passed had been locked by Mr. Bryant before going to bed. About four o'clock in the morning he awoke, and was leaning on his elbow in bed, listening for some undefinable noise which he thought he had heard, when his eyes rested upon the door opening into the hall.

IT WAS SLOWLY, VERY SLOWLY, OPENING.

His first thought was that he had not locked it before retiring, and that the wind, blowing through the adjoining bath-room, was the cause of the movement.

An instant's reflection, however, impelled him to spring from his bed, and just as he laid his hand on the knob of the door it swung open and he was confronted by a couple of burglars, one of whom was standing behind the other in the hall. The former as soon as he saw Mr. Bryant, sat down on the upper stair and slid to the bottom without stopping. The other one was turning to leave when Mr. Bryant seized him by the collar and pushed him back against the hall wall. Then, for the first time, he discovered that the burglar was armed with a piece of iron. "He struck at me fiercely," said Mr. Bryant, "and I only escaped a deadly blow by seizing his wrist with my right hand. The end of the iron hit me on the side of the head, grazing my cheek and nose. Then he changed it to his left hand and struck at me again. I caught hold of the iron this time, and the sharp end of it dug into my hand. My attention was all this time divided between him and the man who had made his escape and whose return I feared, thinking that he would

COME TO THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS COMPANION.

My antagonist moved back two steps down the stairway, dragging me after him. I then had to let him go or he would have taken me with him head first, or perhaps he would have thrown me over his head. I stepped back into my room, picked up my pistol and returned to the hall as quickly as possible. Looking down the side of the stair I saw a hand or arm resting on the basement banisters and fired. The burglar uttered a concentrated "Oh!" and I rushed down to the back parlor windows, expecting that he would try to escape through the yard. Sure enough, there he stood, in the angle made by the stoop and the wall, near the water-closet door. By this time the neighbors were at their windows, attracted by the noise. The man was groaning lustily and ejaculated several times, "Oh! I am shot! I am shot!" I could very easily have killed him then, but the ladies next door entreated me not to shoot again. Yielding to them, I turned my head to address a reply to Miss Taylor, when the fellow seizing the opportunity, sprang through the half open water-closet door. Everybody then thought he was secure, and Mr. Brown and Mr. Fountain, two neighbors, went into the yard. I requested them to open the door of the water-closet. They hesitated, and Mrs. Brown forbade her husband doing so on penalty of

FAINTING AWAY IF HE DID.

When I had got down-stairs and opened the door the bird had flown. I then saw for the first time that there was a hole in the wall. Both of the burglars had gone back through the cellar and out the basement door. It was too late to overtake either of them and when I reached the front of the house some of the neighbors were shouting, "There they go! There they go!" One of them ran toward Lexington avenue and the other toward Third.

The police have found a piece of paper in which the jimmy had been wrapped, and upon which the name "J. H. Funk" and the number "147" are

written. Mr. J. H. Funk is a dry-goods merchant doing business on Broadway. Patrolman Bernard C. Thompson, of the Twelfth precinct, who has been given special charge of the case by Captain Davis, has learned of a notorious character living in Harlem who is laid up with a wound in the arm, and he suspects that this is the burglar who was shot by Mr. Bryant. The only property missing is two silver mugs.

A MASHER MASHED.

How a Sweet Specimen of the Chicago Variety of the Breed Went Forth to Conquer and Was Taken in Like the Veriest Greenhorn.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Chicago Times gives the following account of how a "too-awfully-sweet-for-anything" youth was taken in and done for in that city recently.

Mr. Will Day arrays himself like Solomon in all his glory whenever he finds time and leisure to seek the streets and search out new acquaintances from among the daughters of Adam. He was even more than ordinarily gorgeous the other day, for he was going to a picnic at Ogden's Grove? Now a picnic meant to William far more than would suggest itself to the children of light, who, it is a matter of record, are in their generation innocent and unable to cope with the children of darkness. A picnic, in fact, promised to a man of Mr. Day's beauty and appearance abundant opportunities for "mashing" which could not under any circumstances be foregone. So he sallied forth a miracle of tailoring, while on his fore front glistened a diamond of phenomenal proportions. As he sat in the street-car twirling his mustache and impatiently looking at his elegant gold watch, he became that peculiar sort of thing known as

A CYNOSURE FOR ALL EYES.

Finally his longing gaze was gratified by a sight of the grove. Murmuring to himself,

There is another life I long to meet,

Without which life my life is incomplete,

he gracefully descended to the ground and sauntered away among the groups of jolly Germans and their buxom dames, who were obtaining in abundance that enjoyment always incident to beer and pretzels. Somebody slapped him on the back. He turned, and stood face to face with another young man equally exquisite with himself.

"Ah, Rafferty, ole fel," sighed sweet William, "how do? Ahny pretty gals out here to-day?"

"Yes, indeed, my boy; I'm 'onto' a couple now; so come along."

And the twain sallied away in the wake of as tempting a brace of dears as ever made a man forget the commandments and the revised statutes of the state.

There was some diffidence on one side, considerable eagerness on the other, resulting finally in the concession of a dropped handkerchief. The daintily-perfumed "wipe" was at once captured and returned with empressment, and in a moment or so Day was ASKING PERMISSION TO INTRODUCE HIS FRIEND.

There followed ice cream, bon-bons, Rhine wine, love-making, and at last, alas! the two poor, fluttering, silly innocents agreed to accompany their new-found escorts to the St. Lawrence House at 163 Clark street, for a light lunch and a bottle of champagne. Immediately thereafter the boys swore by all the hosts of heaven that they would take them home to their respective mammas.

Well, it was the old, old story. The girls who go to have a lunch with strangers in private rooms could, if they chose, read over the entrance warning to leave all hope behind. So in this case. There was not one bottle of Piper Heidsieck but half a dozen, after which, as Shakespeare says, "Put out the light, and then put out the light."

Awful, wasn't it, for a nice young man like Sweet William to assist in the ruin of two unsuspecting girls? Perhaps so from a moral point of view, but as for William, he thought it was a "great graft," and so thinking fell asleep "with one white, perfect arm about his neck." Somewhere about nine in the morning Day awoke. He had a headache; he couldn't think where he was; he

WISHED HE HADN'T DRANK ANYTHING.

Then the occurrences of the preceding twelve hours rose before his mind's eye and he turned over to gaze at his companion. She was gone; the other girl was gone. Rafferty was gone, and, worse than all else, the diamond pin and the gold watch and chain were gone. The confiding darlings and the trusted companion had "done" the gay "masher" up for his pile and skipped, and the language used by Mr. Day as he got inside his trousers was shocking indeed. He rushed down-stairs and met a cop, told his story and actually was so ungallant as to put a detective on the track of the girls whom the evening before had been "angels." The first result of the search so far has been the arrest of Rafferty's brother as an accessory to the "trick." All in all, it's a very neat case of a masher getting mashed.

A Female Vigilance Committee.

[Subject of Illustration.]

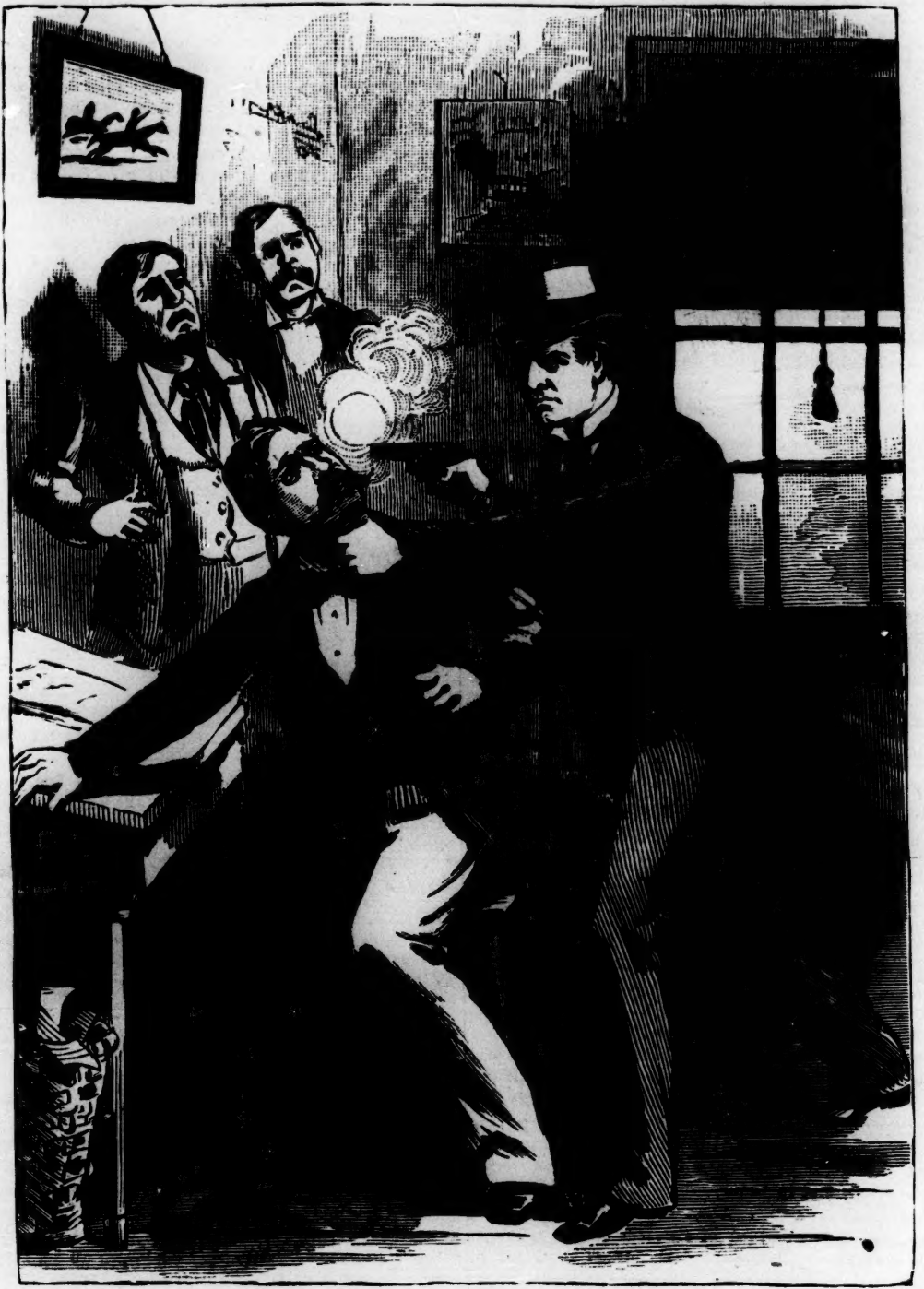
Three weeks ago Moses Isaacs, a cigar-maker, quit his home at 116 Hester street, threatening to never return. Since then his wife and sixteen-year-old son have kept up a constant search for him. Learning that he was at a Hebrew meeting, in Essex street, near Broome, on the evening of the 15th, they went to the Eldridge street police station for an officer, but Sergeant Chrystie refused to send one on the ground that a warrant must first be obtained. Half an hour later Isaacs was dragged into the station by nine stalwart Hebrew matrons. Lifting him bodily from the sidewalk, they had brought him struggling and crying loudly for help through the streets. They flashed their eyes scornfully at the sergeant, and demanded that he be locked up, saying if the police were afraid to arrest a wife-deserter, they were not.

"Ah, mein Gott, sergeant," exclaimed the trembling Isaacs, "mein frau she say me no good-looking, mein son he beat me, and I couldn't stay in no such house like dat."

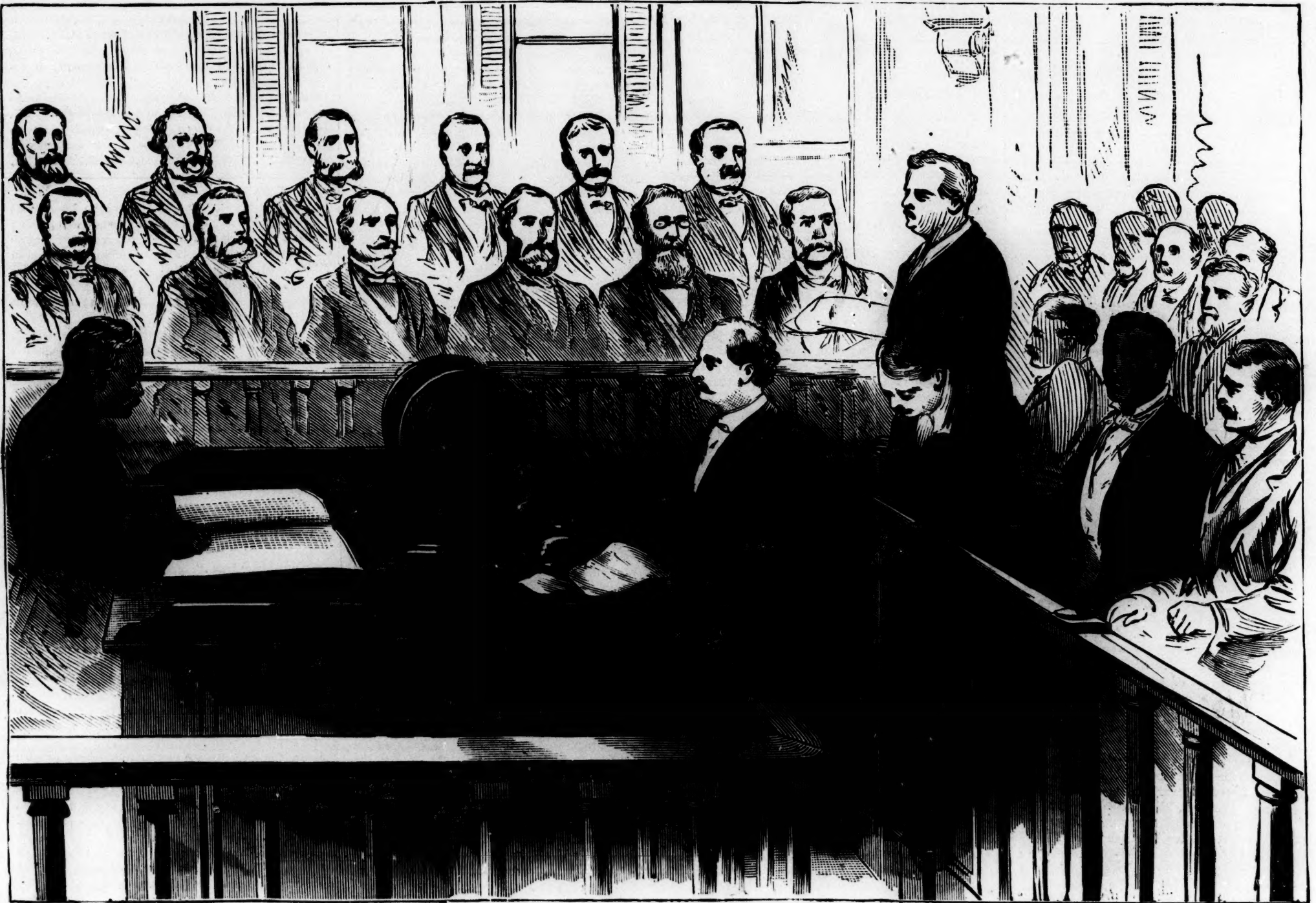
He was allowed to go amid the loud protests of the WOMEN.



A WOULD-BE WIFE-BUTCHER FOILED—ORRIN SQUIRES ATTEMPTS A BIT OF RAZOR PRACTICE ON HIS WIFE'S THROAT, BUT IS FRIGHTENED OFF BY THE NEIGHBORS BEFORE HE CAN FULLY CARRY OUT HIS DESIGN; NEWARK, N. J.—SEE PAGE 11.



LIFE IN LEADVILLE—HOW A NEWLY-ARRIVED YOUNG MAN AND SUPPOSED GREENHORN COMPELLED A GANG OF BUNCO SWINDLERS TO DISGORGE THE PLUNDER OBTAINED IN A LITTLE GAME IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN THE VICTIM.—SEE PAGE 5.



THE TRIAL OF CHASTINE COX, THE CONFESSED MURDERER OF MRS. DR. HULL, NEW YORK CITY; SCENE IN THE COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS, ON THE COMPLETION OF THE SELECTION OF THE JURY—THE ACCUSED ARRAIGNED BEFORE JUDGE COWING, TO BE TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.—[SKETCHED BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 11.]

A FEMALE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—MOSES ISAACS, HAVING DESERTED HIS WIFE AND CHILD, A DEPUTATION OF NINE STALWART MATRONS, OF HIS PERSUASION, SEIZE HIM AND TAKE HIM BEFORE A POLICE SERGEANT OF WHOM THEY VOICEFULLY DEMAND HIS PUNISHMENT FOR THE HEINOUS OFFENCE WHICH SYMPATHETICALLY EXCITES THEIR IND; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.



MR. LONNIE PECK, A POPULAR RAILROAD MAN, OF HINTON, W. VA., HAVING JUSTLY COWARDED THREE NEGROES FOR SLANDERING HIS AFFIANCED, A MOB OF BLACK WOULD-BE DESPERADOES ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE TOWN FOR THE AYOVED PURPOSE OF LYONCHING HIM, BUT IGNOMINIOUSLY TAKES TO ITS DOUBLE-EXTENSION HEELS AT THE FIRST VOLLEY FROM THE CITIZENS.—SEE PAGE 6.



CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

A Black Wretch, Who Cruelly Butchered his Grandmother, Let Off With a Light Imprisonment by Twelve of his Kind.

A CHOICE SAMPLE OF NEGRO JURY WORK.

ANOTHER GOOD RIDDANCE.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 12.—Neil Winbush, colored, who attempted a rape on a young woman in Clayton county last week, was taken from the guards during the night and hanged upon a tree.

A NEGRO OTHELLO'S ESCAPE.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 14.—The death sentence of John Heath (colored), was to-day commuted by Governor Carroll to imprisonment for life. Heath, while drunk, detected George Schmidt in intimate relations with a girl whom Heath had been visiting, and stabbed him fatally. The jury and the supreme bench indorsed the appeal for executive clemency.

SHOT FOR LOOKING ON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14.—A shooting affray occurred here to-night between two negroes named Beckett and Pindexter. Neither were hurt, but a pistol ball fired by Beckett at his antagonist missed its mark and struck in the head a little girl ten years of age, who happened to be standing near, and inflicted a probably fatal wound. Beckett made his escape, but the police are searching for him.

TERRIBLY FATAL AFFRAY.

GREENVILLE, Miss., July 12.—On the evening of the 9th, in a difficulty at Lake Providence, La., seventy miles below this place, postmaster Austin was shot through the heart and instantly killed, and his son, S. L. Austin, parish judge, mortally wounded by a man named Lusk, of West Carroll. Judge Austin in firing at Lusk accidentally shot and killed a negro. The difficulty grew out of an old feud between Austin and Simon Wittkowski, by whom Lusk was employed as a clerk. Judge Austin died to-night.

AN EX-CONVICT'S MURDEROUS DEVILRY.

John Smith, an ex-convict, assaulted a conductor on the Third avenue elevated road on the 12th, at Sixty-fifth street, and wound up with biting him in the neck. Smith then took an ice tong from some wagon and went up to Lexington avenue, where he came up with a poor crippled Italian rag-picker about seventy years old. He began to annoy the Italian by catching the tale of his coat with the tongue. The old man resented this with a blow of his crutch, when Smith wielded the ice tongs around his head and brought it down on the head of the doomed Italian with crushing effect. The poor old man fell to the sidewalk insensible, and Smith fled toward the East river. Mr. McKinney, the builder, witnessed the murderous assault and notified Officer Quigley, of the Twenty-eighth precinct, who went in pursuit of Smith. He found him concealed in a wagon at First avenue and Seventy-second street, and took him to the station-house. The Italian was removed to the German Hospital in Seventy-seventh street, where his name was ascertained to be John Baptiste Marsino.

A BLOOD-THIRSTY BLACK.

Charles Allen is a negro with an unprepossessing face and a not very satisfactory character, who was arraigned before Justice Murray on the 12th and committed to await the result of injuries he had inflicted on Dennis White. The pair, it seems, met in a low drinking place in Thompson street, and were engaged in conversation when Allen suddenly manifested his homicidal disposition. Without any provocation he caught up a big fork and made a lunge with it at his associate, which cut the latter in the palm of the hand. The man was surprised at this sudden attack, and, believing his wound to be due to accident, was only made aware of the negro's design upon his life when the latter came behind him and plunged the fork into his back, when he fell to the floor and his assailant fled. Seemingly there was no motive for the attack, and the wounded man was inclined to attribute it to his assailant's inebriety. Detective Reynolds, of the Eighth precinct, was called in and had White removed to the hospital, while he scoured the district for Allen. In the Jefferson Market Police Court the latter was produced during the afternoon and committed.

CASE OF ALLEGED INFANTICIDE.

Michael Sullivan, a farm hand, was brought from Springfield, N. J., to Elizabeth on Friday evening, 11th inst., and lodged in the county jail there. His daughter Nelly, aged fifteen, who is unmarried, was about to give birth to a child. Sullivan went for a physician, Dr. Jobs, who was late in arriving. The child was born and buried before the doctor reached the house. He suspected foul play and ordered that the body be disinterred. Sullivan reluctantly complied. The doctor, although the babe had been buried many minutes, detected evidences of life and resuscitated the child so that it lived for half an hour. Dr. Jobs made complaint before Justice Curry, and Sullivan was arrested. Sullivan said he thought the child was still-born; that the doctor failed to appear for some time, and, having waited sufficiently long to assure himself that the child was dead, he took it out into the garden and buried it under a few inches of dirt. He said he had no intention of infanticide, and thought he was doing what was proper. County Physician Terrijl made a post-mortem examination yesterday, which revealed the fact that the child was healthy and death was caused by suffocation.

NEGRO MURDERER CONVICTED BY NEGROES.

RICHMOND, Va., July 15.—George Lewis, a negro, aged nineteen years, who in January last murdered

his grandmother in Chesterfield county and was subsequently sentenced to be hanged, having obtained a new trial, was again arraigned yesterday. The jury, much against the prisoner's wish and the earnest protest of his counsel, was composed entirely of negroes, this being the first jury so constituted which has ever been impaneled in Virginia to try a capital offense. The testimony at this trial was much stronger than at the first, as the prisoner's confession, showing premeditation, was admitted as evidence. The murder was most brutal and unprovoked. The prisoner admitted that his victim ordered him to perform some trivial service which was not to his liking, whereupon he made up his mind that he would put an end to her dominion over him. On the afternoon of the same day he deliberately shot her with an old army musket, literally blowing off the greater portion of her head. The trial lasted until midnight, when the case was given to the jury, who, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree, and fixed the penalty at eighteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

TRAGIC END OF TWO VICIOUS LIVES.

WILMINGTON, N. C., July 12.—James Heaton, formerly clerk of the superior court of this (New Hanover) county and ex-judge of the probate court, shot and killed his paramour, Mary Radcliffe, colored, to-night. The woman had lived with Heaton for years but deserted him on Friday. A few hours before the tragedy he was heard to say that he could not then drink much whiskey because he had to shoot somebody. At eleven o'clock he met the woman on a crowded thoroughfare. He offered his hand to her, which she refused to take, whereupon he fired the shot, which took effect in her right breast. Heaton immediately fled, and, being closely pursued by the police, turned into an alley which led to a vacant lot surrounded by a fence that he could not climb. Believing that he was cornered he deliberately shot himself through the brain and died in a few minutes. Heaton was a desperate character. He was sentenced to the penitentiary several years ago for inciting a riot in this city, but was pardoned by the governor. He was afterwards convicted in thirty cases of misdemeanor as clerk of the superior court, which would have sent him to the penitentiary for ten years but for his tragic death.

CONSCIENCE-CURSED.

An Awful Crime Fastened Upon an Aged Woman After Many Years of Mystery.

VINCENNES, Ind., July 9.—The good people of Crawford county, Illinois, a short distance from this city, for a number of years have been very much puzzled over the mysterious disappearance of an Indiana gentleman, and also that of a boy, from the farm of one Nelson Bogard, a farmer in the region of Crawford county, known as the "Dark Bend," but more commonly called "Dipend." Among the residents of that section are a number of very suspicious characters, and were justice allowed to have its course, there is no doubt but that the "Dark Bend" would yield up scores of hardened criminals.

The arrest of Nelson Bogard, the above-mentioned farmer, and his mother, aged seventy-seven years, last week, brings the matter of the disappearance of the stranger and Bogard's brother back to the memory of the people.

In 1872 Bogard purchased a farm from a party in this state, whose name is unknown, and at the former's request the latter took the deeds and papers connected with the purchase over to Bogard's place of residence.

MAKING THE JOURNEY ON HORSEBACK.

He has not been seen since, although his horse forms a part of Bogard's personal property.

In Bogard's family were two small boys, one of whom disappeared shortly after he was heard to say that if Nelson Bogard didn't cease treating him so cruelly, he (the boy) would tell about Nelson burying that stranger in the stable. The boy was only heard of twice afterward, and then in a manner that left no doubt but that he had been brutally murdered.

One David Enlow, on his death-bed, is said to have told his family that he found Bennie hanging by the neck in a stable, and had cut him down, dead. The other time was when Mrs. Bogard lay in bed, and, as she supposed, at the point of death, confessed to having done the hanging, saying: "I killed Bennie, God knows it, and

"I CAN'T DIE UNTIL I HAVE TOLD IT."

These latter facts were only brought out at the preliminary examination of the prisoner a few days ago.

The excitement attending the mysterious disappearance of the boy and stranger had apparently died out of the public mind, as nothing further has been said about it until recently.

About one month ago the other boy was shot in a field in which he was working. Nelson Bogard was arrested, but at the trial was discharged, as the wounded boy, the prosecuting witness, was absent. It is evident that this boy has been spirited away, as he has not been seen or heard of since. It was the developments in the latter trial that caused the arrest of Bogard and his mother for the murder of the boy that was said to have been hung.

When first arrested the culprits were taken to the Jasper county jail, but were subsequently brought to Crawford county on a writ of habeas corpus. It was found, after two or three continuances, impossible to obtain witnesses to appear against Bogard, and he was discharged, but his mother was held to answer to the charge of murder at the next term of circuit court, her bail being fixed at \$600.

Isaac Courtwright, of Pittsburgh, Pa., eloped with August Eckley's wife. In revenge Eckley hunted up proof that Courtwright was a deserter from the army, and had him arrested on that charge. He also obtained a divorce from his wife. But Courtwright retaliated, with the aid of Mrs. Eckley, by finding a previous wife of Eckley's, and having him arrested for bigamy. Both men are in the way of long imprisonment.

"JOHN" IN JAVA.

A Land of Milk and Honey for the Teeming Chinamen, Where a Million of Them Have Found a Prosperous Abiding Place, in Spite of Fierce Efforts to Exterminate Them.

Of all the countries into which the Chinese have found their way, obtained a resting place and still remain, there is none more interesting than the ancient kingdom of Java, now a colonial dependency of Holland. The early history of their rise and progress is similar to that now being furnished by Chinese communities in Australia, America and the Sandwich Islands, and the way in which they have secured their present position of interest, as tending to show what Chinese communities become, even when obstacles are thrown in the way of their advancement. The population of Java is 16,000,000, of which about 1,000,000 are Chinese. Though called Chinese, not 1,000 of them ever saw China. Although their parents for generations have been born in the country, in dress, habits, manners of life and everything else they differ as much from the people among whom they live as their brethren in this city differ from the Caucasian. To-day no objection is made to them, at least not sufficient to affect them to any extent, but

THEIR STRUGGLES IN THE PAST WERE VERY BITTER.

The first record of their appearance is found in the Chinese chronicles, which tell of the wanderings of a Buddhist priest, Ah Fahien, who was driven by storms to the island in the fourth century. He carried back to the Flowery kingdom a glowing account of the wealth and plenty there. In the year 700 there was a flourishing colony of them at Soerabaya, though they had gone to Batavia previously. Their coming was at first unopposed, but the numbers in which they came and the importance they soon assumed rendered them a difficult problem for the state. Their growth was sought to be checked, obstacles of all kinds were thrown in their way, measures which were sometimes cruel and desperate were adopted, but they had a foothold and continued to increase steadily in numbers, wealth and commercial importance. When the country was discovered by the early Dutch navigators, they were at home there. During the times that Holland, France and England held the land they caused much trouble and frequently came in contact with the foreigners. Holland, since the colony was restored to her by England, has pursued a liberal policy toward all its inhabitants, and the Chinese have continued to prosper and acquire power. At one time a Dutch governor-general, enraged at the defiance with which his orders were treated by Chinese merchants,

THOUGHT HE COULD DRIVE THEM OUT.

But the Celestial, who had successfully resisted the efforts of the native rulers to get rid of him paid little attention to the threats of the "outside barbarian." In 1640 this struggle culminated in a massacre of ten thousand souls, of which the "Bloodfield," as it is still called, remains a monument—pointed out as one of the sights of Batavia. One night a rumor was circulated that the Chinese were arming to drive out the Dutch, and the governor-general lost no time in ordering out all soldiers from the camp and every man that could be spared from the shipping. They began the work of death early one morning with orders to spare nothing. It was a struggle of class against class, and the infuriated Hollanders slaughtered male and female, old and young alike. For two days and two nights the butchery continued, and when it ended the Chinese quarter and the Chinamen alike were gone. Crawford, in his history of the Malay Archipelago, puts the number slain at ten thousand, while others say twelve and fifteen thousand. Many of them escaped in the country, however, and in a few days struggled back to look for their property, and in a few months the plodding Oriental was at work again. The punishment inflicted was never forgotten and there was no further refusal to obey the orders of the governor-general. The desired object, however,

HAD NOT BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

The Chinese remained and have remained, until today they are the most influential and the wealthiest class in the island. At Batavia, Samarang and Soerabaya, cities as large as San Francisco, they are the most important merchants and manufacturers. They are capitalists, bankers and monopolists. When the government sells the right to establish gambling-houses and places for the sale of opium, the Chinese purchase, paying large sums. They hold the ferries across the canals in Soerabaya. As in San Francisco, there are streets filled with none but Chinese merchants. Chinese cashiers and book-keepers outnumber any other class. Regarded as the most expert money-handlers, they are employed in all the banks, even the branches of European institutions. The furniture trade is entirely in their hands, while the slipper and shoe-makers are nearly all Chinese. The street merchants, an important class, are mainly Chinese. They are employed in the telegraph offices, and in every newspaper office in the country they are the compositors. They set copy as quickly as any one and, though they do not understand a word of what they are placing in type,

THEIR MISTAKES ARE VERY FEW.

They "follow copy" implicitly, and when an error occurs it is the fault of the manuscript and not of the compositor. On the railroad from Batavia to Buitenzorg there is a Chinese engineer and fireman. Of the barbering business they have almost a monopoly. In fact, they have a part in every pursuit by which money can be made and where industry and intellect is required—not as laborers, but as skilled workmen and capitalists. The native race has been to a large extent crowded out from these pursuits by them, or, rather, the Chinese have created the business and carry it on, leaving the native population to find other work. They do not come in contact with the laboring classes to a serious extent, nor do they do the work of domestics. The laundry work is all done by Javanese—men principally—while the rougher kinds of labor are performed by the same class. Nor do the Chinese interfere in politics. The Dutch authorities appoint their captain Chinaman, as he is

called, and disputes affecting Chinese people only are settled by him. When an Arab, Javanese, European or other is a party to the dispute it is

SETTLED BY THE DUTCH OFFICIALS.

They are not policemen, soldiers nor politicians any more than they are here. Such pursuits are not congenial to "John" in any clime. As in Honolulu, they have their volunteer fire companies in all the cities, the members of which are exclusively Chinese. They have their club-houses also, the one at Batavia being large and well furnished, provided with billiard tables and other luxuries, and having also a well-selected library of Malay and Chinese works and manuscripts. Their burial grounds are very extensive and ornamented with trees, shrubbery and statuary more than those of any other class. Some of their private residences are the most conspicuous in the city—large, well-furnished and surrounded by spacious grounds. But in everything they are Chinese, clinging to the clothes, customs and traditions of the ancestors with a tenacity unequalled in other races. For generations past they have lived in the country and yet to-day they are the same in speech and appearance as when their ancestors first appeared.

AN EVIL OMEN.

The Terrible Effect Produced by an Earthquake Upon a Young and Lovely Bride.

About two years ago a bridal party was assembled in a church in Memphis under circumstances that would seem to presage a bright and happy future to the gallant groom and the fair flower of maidenhood whom he had won to bear him company in the struggles of life. They were worthy of each other, and stood there in the presence of the minister who was about to unite them with the full approval of family and friends. They were attended by a chosen company of their youthful companions, who breathed the hope that their own future might be as cloudless as that of the two who stood before the altar.

The church was well filled with the friends of both parties and the usual number of curious outsiders. At last the bridal party have assumed their proper position, and all eyes are fixed upon the bride as she stood by the side of him into whose keeping she was about to

INTRUST HER HONOR AND HAPPINESS.

And he, with his stalwart and manly air, seemed well fitted for the trust. Everything being ready, the minister read the marriage service, and nought was heard except responses of the bride and groom—the one faint and low and the other prompt and clearly spoken.

The service was nearly done. The minister said: "I pronounce you man and wife." At the moment that the words were uttered the air became suddenly darkened, and before the amazed assembly could move from their seats the church was violently shaken by the shock of an earthquake. In a moment nothing could be heard but the shrieks of women and the confused sound of the mass of people rushing to the door. Fortunately, no one was seriously hurt in the panic, although several were badly bruised in the crush, and many had their clothes torn almost off in the frantic endeavors of the crowd to reach the outer air. But how was it with the bridal party? In the first moment of excitement the bridesmaids and groomsmen had fled, and when the church was cleared three persons only remained at the altar—the minister and the newly-married couple—and the trio presented a scene that Rembrandt

WOULD HAVE IMMORTALIZED.

The man of God had left his position behind the altar and stood by the bridegroom's side, who stood with pallid face and shaking limbs, his heart almost motionless with fear as he supported in his arms the lifeless form of his bride, and frantically attempted by agonized appeals and kisses showered upon her unanswering lips to recall her to consciousness. At last she revived, but her eyes had no sooner opened than she shrieked and again fainted away. By this time the minister had gone out and procured a carriage, and into this was placed the unconscious bride. Her husband followed and they were driven rapidly to the beautiful home that had been prepared for them. A physician was summoned at once, and after a while succeeded in reviving the unfortunate girl. In due time she recovered her usual bodily health, but in place of the joyous spirits that were once her peculiar charm there was a settled melancholy which not the tenderest attention of her husband, or the strenuous endeavors of loving friends could dispel. In vain was she taken to every amusement that the city afforded. The distracted young husband's last thought of trying the effect of travel, and, throwing aside the claims of business, he took her on a tour to the gayest cities of the north and west. She went without a murmur to every place suggested, and was grateful for his care and solicitude, but her spirits sank lower and lower, until finally her husband

BROUGHT HER HOME ALMOST IN DESPAIR.

On being asked the cause of her melancholy, she always replied, "That terrible omen," and nothing could induce her to say more. Months passed on and grew to years, and still the shadow remained upon this household. The bride now merged into the matron and mother, but never recovered from the shock sustained on that unhappy wedding day. She was as tender and thoughtful in her treatment of her husband and child as could be imagined, but the melancholy that had first characterized her manner had now become a settled sadness that never changed.

About two weeks ago it was noticed that she was even in lower spirits than formerly, and about ten days ago she attempted to commit suicide by taking strychnine, but her condition was fortunately discovered in time and a physician summoned at once, who, by prompt measures, saved her life.

Since this time the unfortunate lady has remained in the same depressed condition as before the attempt upon her life; and what the result of this superstitious fear of the marriage day will be time only can show.

THE HULL TRAGEDY.

Chastine Cox, the Negro Murderer, Brought to the Bar of Justice for the Mercenary Murder of the Unfortunate Lady.

CHOOSING A TRIBUNAL.

An Exceptionally Intelligent Jury Consigns the Robber-Assassin to his Just Fate on the Gallows in Short Metre.

JUSTICE AT A PROPER PACE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Chastine Cox was taken from the Tombs Prison early on the morning of the 14th, by way of the Franklin street door, and escorted by an officer to the Court of General Sessions, Part I, where his trial for the murder of Mrs. Hull began before Judge Cowing. A crowd was gathered in the neighborhood of the prison and another near the court-room to see the prisoner pass; but when he did pass, although he was handcuffed to the officer, no one recognized him. He was dressed with his usual care and was in excellent spirits, talking with volubility to the officer on the way and after his arrival in the court-room, where he was placed in the prisoners' box.

"It's quite a crowd," said the officer, as they passed along Chambers street.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Cox. "You ought to have seen the crowds in Boston."

The heat was unpleasant, and as the day went by the room became a torture box to all in it except, apparently, the prisoner, who chatted and laughed as he could get his counsel to listen to him, and when they became busy he sat quietly looking and listening. Gradually he grew graver, and it seemed as the day went by he began to appreciate the gravity of his situation. In the morning he grumbled and chattered like a simple child. In the afternoon he looked

LIKE A FRIGHTENED ANIMAL.

Inside the inner inclosure in front of the Judge's desk sat Assistant District Attorney Rollins, who has taken charge of the case for the people since the discovery of the body of Mrs. Hull. Near him sat Assistant District Attorney Lyons, and the two consulted several times during the day. Superintendent Walling, Captain Williams and other officials were also inside this inclosure. Just outside of it sat the prisoner and Messrs. Howe & Hummel, his counsel.

Mr. Rollins moved the case of the people against the accused, and the calling of the jurors began, which occupied the remainder of the day and resulted in the selection of seven men to serve as such, after numerous challenges for cause or peremptorily.

The heat in the court-room during the second day's proceedings was intense. The lawyers on both sides betrayed signs of weariness and exhaustion, but the prisoner seemed to revel in an atmosphere calculated to roast a Salamander. When District Attorney Phelps or Mr. Rollins, his assistant, had to put a question to a juror he did it in a low tone of voice, and seldom rose from his seat. Mr. William F. Howe, energetic as he is, poured forth his multitudinous questions to jurors without arising. Judge Cowing divided his time between reading, fanning himself gently and putting occasional

CLINCHING QUESTIONS TO JURORS.

During the examination Mr. Balch, the Boston reporter who secured the arrest of Cox, entered the court-room. Mr. Rollins invited him to a seat within the bar, and engaged him in conversation. Mr. Balch is a dark-complexioned young man, with wavy black hair and a black beard, closely trimmed. He wears glasses. He was dressed with scrupulous neatness. At the end of the conversation with Mr. Rollins, Mr. Balch leaned back in his chair and looked at Cox, who met his eyes, and smiled. Then Cox bowed, and Mr. Balch returned the bow.

Many members of the panel were examined without any favorable result, and then Mr. Rollins proposed that a recess should be taken.

Cox was not locked up in the prisoners' box during the recess. He was taken to a chair near a window, and allowed to smoke.

"I can tell a good cigar when I get it between my lips," he said, as he puffed vigorously. "I was in the tobacco business when I was a little boy, like that one," pointing to a fourteen-year-old boy looking through the grating of the prisoners' box.

The boy misunderstood the motive of the pointing, and was offended. "Issy, Jim," he remarked to a companion, "what a picnic that fellow's having out there. We might have had some of it."

"IF WE'D A KILLED SOMEBODY."

Cox did not appear to hear this, but smoked on for a while silently. Then he said, "Do you know I've taught myself how to read a little since I've been in the Tombs? I read two or three verses in my Bible last night. If I am not hung, I may become a minister."

Cox's lawyers sent him a lunch, and as he was enjoying it two colored men, one of whom was tall and dandified, paid him a visit. He appeared to know them well.

The jury was finally constituted as follows: Andrew G. Myers, manufacturer of plumbers' materials, of 101 West Forty-eight street—foreman; William Paul, carpenter, of 40 West 127th street; William T. Evers, a contributor to the sporting press, of Willis avenue and 136th street; Robert Butler, binder, of 152 West Thirteenth street; Frederick Aldhouse, real estate agent, of 1,242 Third avenue; Hermann Wolf, sales man of millinery, of 433 East Fifty-sixth street; Adolph Dumahaut, dealer in organs and pianos, of 519 East 118th street; George W. Springstead, carpenter of 323 West Twenty-fourth street; William H. Craig, saloon-keeper, of 25 West 126th street; Albert W. Howard, flour merchant, of 16 Second place, Brooklyn; Francis B. O'Donnell, retired, of 127 Lexington

avenue; and Nehemiah Kohl, manufacturer of cigars, of 250 East Thirty-third street. The jurors appeared as twelve matter-of-fact

PROSPEROUS BUSINESS MEN.

"The jury is satisfactory to the prosecution," Mr. Rollins said.

"The prisoner has no objection to the jury," rejoined Cox's lawyer.

In response to the clerk's request, the jurors and Cox rose and faced each other. Cox looked full at them with an intensity that was almost fierce, and the jury was then sworn.

District Attorney Phelps requested an adjournment till the following day, which was granted. The judge warned the jurors against conversing in regard to the case or hearing such conversation, adding: "It is a case of vital importance, and the newspapers make extended references to it. I ask you, in reading your papers to-morrow morning, not to read any of these references."

The defense to be made for Cox will be a medical one, as Mr. Howe says. It will be claimed that the prisoner is not responsible, as he is possessed of a homicidal mania. A score or so of physicians will be placed upon the stand, together with two or three phrenologists, to prove this. Again, it will be claimed that Mrs. Hull did not die from injuries received from Cox, but that her death may have been caused by the mere fact of his presence; that she died of apoplexy, heart disease or syncope. It will further, it is stated, be proved, if possible, that Mrs. Hull died under the knives of the dissecting surgeons, having been for several hours preceding the autopsy in a state of suspended animation. Mr. Howe says he can prove incontrovertibly that blood followed the knife, a sure sign that she still lived. He does not believe that the coroner can tell of what disease Mrs. Hull died, and this he thinks is the strongest point he can make. The trial is to be pushed to a conclusion as rapidly as possible, and evening sessions are to be held.

Wednesday, 16th inst., was occupied by the examination of a number of witnesses, whose statements contained nothing materially different from what the public is already acquainted with. Thursday, 17th inst., the fourth day of the trial opened before the largest number of spectators that gathered in the court-room since the beginning of the trial. The prisoner was brought to the Court of General Sessions in a van, in charge of three officers. He was handcuffed to another colored man.

Mr. Howe renewed his motion made the previous day to acquit the prisoner on every count in the indictment. He read various authorities to show that a failure to prove the cause of death would vitiate the trial. He maintained that the jury should not be allowed to infer the cause of death. The judge denied the motion and counsel took an exception. After the examination of experts Mr. Rollins rested the case of the people. He was followed by Mr. Howe, who summed up for the defense.

District Attorney Phelps followed for the prosecution. Judge Cowing charged the jury fairly and impartially, and they retired at 5:18. At 6:25, after being out sixty-seven minutes, they returned with a verdict of murder in the first degree. Judge Cowing then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged in the prison yard on the 29th of August, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Cox received the sentence with indifference. His counsel signified his intention of appealing.

A Virago's Tussle With an Officer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Saturday afternoon, 12th inst., while Officer Whalen, of the Eighth precinct, was on duty he was called upon to arrest Jessie Gregory, who was creating a disturbance in a saloon in Prince street. Unable to cope with her single-handed, Officer Whalen summoned assistance, and three able-bodied policemen were required to convey the infuriated woman to the police station. There she was allowed to rest awhile, and no further difficulty being apprehended, Officer Whalen started with her alone to the Jefferson Market police court. She went quietly enough, and even stood in a repentant state at the bar when the officer made his complaint to Justice Murray.

His Honor severely reprimanded her and sentenced her to six months on the Island. These last words had, however, no sooner escaped his lips than Jessie quickly turned herself and planted her clenched right fist in Officer Whalen's face. Being taken off his guard, the violence of the blow knocked him down, and while he was in the act of falling the infuriated woman threw her arms about him and pressed his head and face against her stomach. There she held him with one arm, while with her other hand she clawed at his hair and face, and tore out a handful of his whiskers. He struggled to free himself, but she gave him a regular bear's hug. In an instant the whole court was in an uproar. Justice Murray leaned over the bench and every one in the court-room rose to their feet and craned their necks to see what they regarded as rare sport. Jessie screamed like an insane woman as she clawed at the officer's face and beard, and Officer Whalen struggled to escape her violent demonstrations. Court Officer McLally, who had been tenderly nursing a little one abandoned by its parents, dumped the sleeping child on a bench, and with Officers Jolly, Moore and others, sprang to the assistance of Officer Whalen. By sheer force Jessie was disengaged from her prey and literally dragged into the prison. Not only in this but in his first contest with the rum-maddened woman was Officer Whalen's clothes badly torn.

Louis Strauss, Alleged Fugitive Embezzler.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Louis Strauss, alias Simons, who is wanted at Lowell, Mass., for alleged embezzlement. He is a German, speaks broken English, is five feet nine inches in height, well proportioned, weight about 150 pounds, is twenty-seven years of age, has dark complexion, dark eyes, dark hair, cut short and dark mustache, dresses well, professes to be a teacher of music and languages, is of gentlemanly appearance, and his manners are such as to enable him to introduce himself into good society. I found, arrest and telegraph Frederick Lovejoy, City Marshal, Lowell, Mass.

AN ARISTOCRATIC ASSASSIN.

Frightful Murder of a Russian Lady of Rank and her Servant, in their Apartments, and Arrest of a Member of the Nobility Upon Whom the Crime is Fixed Almost Beyond Doubt.

The Russian newspapers give the following particulars of a murder which is causing great excitement in St. Petersburg: On the 10th of June a bricklayer, in ascending a ladder to mend the roof of a house in the Grodnenaki street perceived through the window on the second story a woman lying stretched on the floor. He paid no particular attention to the spectacle at the time, but on descending the ladder several hours afterward he observed, to his surprise, that the figure had not moved since the morning. He thereupon mentioned the matter to the dvornik, who ascending the ladder and finding the bricklayer's statement correct, set off at once to the nearest police station. The police inspector soon arrived, and after satisfying himself also that the woman was still lying on the floor, he gave orders for the door of the lodging house to be broken open. This was done by the assembled dvorniks, and it was then discovered that Mme. Vlasoff, the occupant of the apartments, had been cruelly murdered in the drawing-room, and her servant, Alexandra Semened, was found in the kitchen.

DONE TO DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

From the position of the bodies the police inspector drew the inference that the servant had been rendered insensible first by a heavy blow from behind, and that, after the murder of the mistress in the drawing-room had been accomplished, the assassin had returned to the kitchen and finished his work with a hatchet. After this he had apparently ransacked the house, carrying off with him the most valuable portable property and rejecting a bundle of government bonds that could not have been realized without danger of detection. He then carefully locked the door with two keys and descended into the street without exciting the attention of the dvorniks. At first it seemed as though the crime was so involved in mystery that it would be impossible for the police to lay their hands upon the criminal, but an investigation the next day threw important light upon the matter and ultimately led to the

APPREHENSION OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER.

It seems that on the 6th of June, the day, from various indications inside the lodgings, the murder is supposed to have taken place, the landlord noticed at nine o'clock an officer dressed in the uniform of the Imperial Guards enter the dwelling of the victim. "Who is that?" he demanded of the dvornik. The latter replied that he was a frequent visitor at the house, and that the servant of Mme. Vlasoff had told him that his name was Lieutenant Landsberg, an officer in the Imperial Guards. This information was confirmed by the dvornik, who expressed his belief that Landsberg was the last to enter the lodgings on the night of the murder. The attention of the secret police was thereupon directed toward the guardman. Inquiries extending over several days elicited that the morning after the murder the officer demanded leave of his colonel to pay a visit to his estates at Shavil, in the province of Grodno, and on the latter's asking what was the matter with his right hand, which was suspended in a sling, the lieutenant replied that he had

ACCIDENTALLY INJURED IT WITH HIS SWORD.

Throughout the whole journey to Shavil, Landsberg, usually gay and talkative, was taciturn and sullen, and ate nothing the whole way. Four days after his arrival home he telegraphed for an extension of his leave, and paid a visit to some friends at Ponevig, near General Todleben's estates. On the 17th inst., he set out for St. Petersburg. Detectives, who were already on his track, kept him in sight. At six o'clock in the evening the train drew up at Tarskoe Selo station, where a surprise awaited him. On the platform were gathered, in obedience to the arrangements of General Zuroff, Mr. Sabouloff, the St. Petersburg procurer; Mr. Hutchinsky, the public prosecutor; Prince Kildesheff, the commander of the Engineer Guards, and the adjutant of the Tarskoe Selo camp, Mr. Razuloeff, besides Putlin, the head of the secret criminal police, and Shudlovsky, his assistant. On alighting from the carriage to proceed to the camp the lieutenant encountered the gaze of his commander, whom he saluted. The latter took no notice of the deference paid him, but exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Lieutenant Landsberg."

YOU ARE ARRESTED.

Follow Adjutant Razuloeff to the waiting-room." The lieutenant turned pale, but followed the adjutant without uttering a word. The Prince and the officials came close behind him. As soon as they were all inside the waiting-room Landsberg was searched, and spots of blood were found upon his linen. Upward of four hundred rubles were also found inside his purse, together with some gold imperial coins to be recognized as the property of Mme. Vlasoff. The same night the prisoner, who refused to acknowledge his guilt, was removed to the House of Detention at St. Petersburg, where he now remains. An examination of his lodgings is officially announced to have disclosed "careful endeavors to conceal the traces of some deed connected with the shedding of blood," and by the majority of the St. Petersburg papers Landsberg's guilt is spoken of as being beyond doubt and established. The sensation occasioned by the intelligence is described as being intense, the victim as well as the murderer moving in the best circles in St. Petersburg society.

A Would-be Wife-Butcher Foiled.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the Twelfth Ward of Newark lived Mrs. Orrin Squires, a woman who has been separated from her husband for two years. Squires has made several appeals to his wife to return to his home, but she has always refused. On the afternoon of the 10th, he again went to her house and asked her to go home with him. She said she would not, that he could not or would not support her and she could do better by herself. Squires thereupon drew from his pocket a

razor and after a struggle succeeded in drawing it across her throat, making a deep gash and partly cutting off her right ear. Her hand was also badly cut. The woman's screams alarmed the neighborhood and Squires fled, but was followed by a neighbor who informed an officer and he was taken into custody. He said that he had fully made up his mind if his wife refused to live with him to kill her and then kill himself. The separation he said was caused by his jealousy. Mrs. Squires may recover from her wound. There are two children who have been cared for since the separation by the mother. Ex-Assemblyman Richardson took them to his home last night and said that he would provide for them until other arrangements could be made.

MRS. STERLING'S STORY.

Her Farmer's Dastardly Attempt to Murder her Because she Would Not Submit to be his Dupe.

St. Louis, Mo., July 11.—The case of William O. Smith, who is charged with an attempt to kill Mrs. A. N. Sterling, after forcing her to enter his boarding-house, at 1,118 Locust street, on the 28th of April last, was called in the criminal court yesterday morning. Mrs. Sterling is the handsome wife of a wealthy gentleman living near St. Louis, and Smith had been in their employ.

Smith, the prisoner, took his seat in the dock. His heavy beard was shaved off, and he wore only a mustache. He wore a black-and-white straw hat with a blue band, was neatly dressed, and coolly puffed a good cigar as he waited for the court to open. Mrs. Sterling, his victim, was seated in one of the ante-rooms during the forenoon, while her husband sat next to the prosecuting attorneys. He had expressed a determination that Smith should feel the full weight of the law, and his actions indicated that he meant what he said. Smith was at one time a foreman on the Sterling farm, but had been discharged.

There were two charges in the indictment, one with making an assault with intent to murder, and the other with wounding Mrs. Sterling.

WHEREBY SHE RECEIVED BODILY HARM.

The penalty for the offenses charged is imprisonment for not more than ten years nor less than two.

As Mrs. Sterling took the stand all eyes were turned upon her. Not being able to speak above a whisper, on account of the windpipe wound not being healed, Judge Jecko, of the police court, at the request of Judge Laughlin, took a seat beside the witness and repeated, in a loud tone of voice, the answers given by Mrs. Sterling to the questions propounded.

She testified: I have known William O. Smith since June 18, 1878. He filled the position of foreman on my farm at Springfield, Ill., till February last, when he was discharged. I left the farm for St. Louis April 23, following, and two days afterward, April 25, I met the defendant on the corner of Sixth and Olive street. I was riding west on a street car when Smith got on the car also. As soon as he got on I stopped the car and got off at Twelfth and Olive streets. He followed me and asked if he could speak to me. I answered, "No; and if I see an officer I'll have you arrested." Smith said, "If you call a policeman I'll cut your throat from ear to ear." I looked in his face to see if he was in earnest and noticed

A DESPERATE LOOK UPON HIS COUNTERFACED.

I went along quietly, thinking I might meet an officer on the way. When we got to Missouri Park I asked him to go through the park, hoping we would meet a police officer, but I was disappointed. Smith then had me tightly by the arm, and I asked him to let go, thinking that if he did so I might slip away; but he did not let go. He had an open knife in his hand all the way. We left the park opposite the Belvidere Flats, and walked down Locust street, past Christ Church, to Mrs. Locke's boarding-house, 1,118 Locust street. When in front of the house I asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted me to go to his room with him. I told him that I wouldn't go to his room in a strange house, but would sit on the steps and hear anything he had to say. I sat down, and Smith said, "Stop your foolishness," and, grasping my arm, half pushed and half dragged me into the house. When inside I asked to see the landlady. Dr. Hopkins passed me to call the landlady, and as he did so I sprang between him and Smith, saying, "Save me! he's going to kill me." As I spoke these words Smith jumped upon me, and, holding me with his left hand, used the knife, which he had in the other hand, and cut me in the throat.

Other witnesses testified to the fact of the assault, and after being out about three-quarters of an hour, the jury returned with a verdict of guilty on the first count in the indictment, and assessed his punishment at eight years in the penitentiary.

A Clear Case of Rum.

Michael Travis, was stabbed by Paul Shirley, an employe of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in Fulton street, Brooklyn, on Sunday, the 13th inst., and died on the following morning at the City Hospital in that city. Shirley, who is a young man of small stature, was standing in front of Matt Maddingan's liquor store, 9 Fulton street, shortly before three o'clock. He was smoking a cigar. Michael Travis, an unmarried man about thirty years of age, and nearly 5 feet 11 inches in height, approached Shirley, with whom he was on speaking terms.

Travis approached Shirley, as the latter says, and said, "Give me a light, you dirty little loafer." Shirley replied, "Certainly, Mike, you can have a light, but I'm no loafer." "Yes, you are," said Travis, with an oath. This led to more words between them, and finally, as Shirley tells it, Travis struck him in the face and knocked him down. Shirley then ran into the hallway of Maddingan's place, and was followed there by Travis, who struck him again twice. Shirley went out and notified a policeman who declined to make the arrest without a warrant. Shirley started to go when Travis crossed the street and approached him. Shirley attempted to pass him, when, as he says, Travis raised his cane to strike him, and called him foul names. Shirley then drew a knife and stabbed Travis twice in the breast. Shirley ran and Travis staggered after him, but fell before he had taken many steps.

A GIRL'S STRANGE STORY.

She Claims to Have been Seized and Chloroformed on a Baltimore Street, Dragged to the Suburbs and Outrageously Assaulted.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 13.—An outrage, which it is believed has no parallel for boldness and atrocity in the history of criminal acts in Baltimore, was perpetrated in the northwestern suburbs on Saturday night, the victim being a young and respectable girl of nineteen, and her fiendish assailant an unknown man, who succeeded in making his escape after accomplishing the horrible crime. The punishment for such an offence in this State is death.

The story is a remarkable one. That a young woman could be approached on the public street at an early hour in the evening, suddenly chloroformed into a condition of semi-consciousness, assisted on a street car, carried into the suburbs and brutally outraged seems almost incredible; and yet the startling story, after hours of labor,

HAS BEEN FULLY VERIFIED.

The victim of the fiendish outrage is Miss Georgie McComas, less than twenty years of age. When a child she was admitted to the Home of the Friendless, where she remained until about twelve years of age. A situation was then procured for her in the family of Mr. Murphy (since deceased), at Port Deposit, Md., where she resided until less than a year ago. Soon after reaching the age of eighteen she came to Baltimore in the hope of securing a more desirable position, and upon reaching the city at once applied to Mrs. Crook, president of the Home, and requested that lady to secure her a place in a family. Mrs. Crook referred her to Mr. Cornelius, superintendent of the Maryland Industrial School for Girls, and Mr. Cornelius secured her a place in the family of G. W. Almack, 317 Mulberry street.

After finishing her household duties on the evening of Saturday she left the house, saying she intended to take a short walk, as was her usual custom, confining herself, however, to the square on which she lived. The street is rather dimly lighted, affording her assailant an opportunity of coming alongside of her almost

BEFORE SHE WAS AWARE OF HIS PRESENCE.

He seized her by the arm, and, as she turned in alarm to ascertain his object, drew from his pocket a small bottle containing a liquid of some kind—chloroform or some other anæsthetic—and applied it to her mouth and nostrils. At the first inhalation she lost the power to make an outcry and was soon in a condition of half consciousness and almost paralyzed with terror and the effects of the drug.

Her assailant then drawing his arm through hers led her in the direction of a street railway line, and assisting her into the car placed her in a seat and took one himself by her side. They rode together until near the upper terminus in the neighborhood of Druid Hill Park, when the man stopped the car, assisted her off, and half dragged her, as supposed, beyond the city limits into a woods. The physical condition of the unfortunate victim was such that she was unable to offer the slightest resistance, and she has no recollection of the assault, as before it was made

SHE LOST ENTIRE CONSCIOUSNESS.

While in this condition she was brutally outraged. Her face was scratched and her mouth and limbs bore evidence of rough usage. As near as she can determine it was about eleven o'clock when she was restored to consciousness, and upon attempting to rise from the ground saw her assailant in the act of leaving her. He probably remained to see that she had not been fatally assaulted, and upon seeing her partly restored offered no further violence and quickly disappeared from sight.

After a great effort the girl, suffering terribly from her horrible treatment and still under the influence of the drug, raised herself and began the effort of returning to the city. She was totally unacquainted



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—M'LE XANDREE, OF THE PALAIS ROYAL, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 2.

with the locality. For more than an hour she wandered aimlessly around. It was nearly one o'clock this (Sunday) morning when she reached Edmondson avenue and Carey street, where her appearance wandering along and apparently intoxicated attracted the attention of a couple of gentlemen who were returning home. The girl passed, walking slowly and with difficulty, and after going half a block sank down exhausted on the steps of a dwelling. She was found crouched down on the steps and suffering terribly from nervous prostration, superinduced by the brutal treatment she had received and alarm at finding herself

ALONE AND UNPROTECTED.

She was neatly but plainly attired and her demeanor was modest and appearance attractive. She is slightly above the medium stature and of rather slender physique. Upon being addressed she at first gave vent to her grief, but soon recovered upon being assured that she would be afforded protection, and briefly outlined the story of the outrage as given above, the particulars of which she afterward related more circumstantially to the wife of one of the gentlemen. A glass of water was obtained for her, and an offer to permit her to remain at the residence of the gentleman was gratefully accepted. She still suffering from the effects of the drugs she had inhaled. Her articulation was indistinct, and she walked with great difficulty the two or three blocks to the residence, where the wife of one of the gentlemen, after a conversation with her, and convinced of the truth of her startling story, provided for her comfortably. A medical examination was made to-day by Dr. Crim, who pronounced it a case of violent outrage. The family where the girl lived gave her an excellent reputation for respectability and veracity. The case was placed in the hands of the police authorities this evening and steps were taken to apprehend the assailant. Miss McComas never saw the man before, but says she can identify him.

Tackling a School of Young Whales.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BARNSTABLE, Mass., July 7.—On the morning of July 1, while John Shales, a laborer, was at work on a cranberry bog near the shore, he saw a school of blackfish, or small whales, coming up the harbor. Several other men who were at work near by started for the shore, one of the party going to a neighbor's house to procure rope, axes, scythes, or anything else to kill and capture the fish. They soon found boats and drove the monsters up the harbor. When the fish found that the water was growing shallow they made an attempt to escape, but by lively rowing, throwing stones, and making all the noise they could, the men succeeded in heading them up the harbor again. By this time a large crowd had gathered, and some half dozen boats were surrounding the school. As they gradually worked toward the land the chase became more exciting. The first fish they drove ashore was killed by George Snow and three others, who used pitchforks, axes, and knives. They afterward killed three more. The whole party killed and landed eight. The largest measured twenty feet in length and the smallest about fourteen feet.

Six boys were sitting in a Chicago barn, on a recent evening, talking about religion, and particularly of wakes. Policeman Collins, who had previously driven them out of the street, entered the building and ordered them to go home. They told him that the building belonged to the father of one of their number, which it did, and that they had a right to remain there, if they were orderly. The policeman instantly began to use his club, beating one lad brutally. They wrenched his club away, struck him once with it, and then hastily scattered. Collins chased Jimmy Leigh, commanded him to stop, and, because he did not obey, shot him twice in the back. Jimmy fell, and Collins began to roughly drag him toward the station, but he died immediately.



A WHALE HUNT EXTRAORDINARY—A SCHOOL OF YOUNG LEVIATHANS, GETTING OUT OF THEIR DEPTH, IN THE HARBOR OF BARNSTABLE, MASS., ARE SURROUNDED BY THE TOWNS-PEOPLE, DRIVEN ASHORE AND NUMBERS OF THEM KILLED.

What Broke Up the Ball.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 11.—A ludicrous affair happened at the town of Wells, ten miles from Sparta, last Friday night. There was a dance given in a large barn, and over a hundred persons were present. During the evening lemonade was served, and in a short time all who partook of it were seized with vomiting. They rushed out doors, into the bushes, leaned against barrels, lay across wagon tongues, got into buggies, and held their heads over the boxes. Young fellows held their girls' heads one way, and their own heads the other, and it was a concert of "Ye-up," till five o'clock in the morning, when a doctor arrived from Sparta, and stopped it. Tartar emetic had been put in the lemonade by mistake, instead of tartaric acid.



MISS IDA DUNN, VICTIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT ASSAULT, AT WHEATLAND, CAL. SEE PAGE 2.

Shooting of an Alleged Seducer.

TOLEDO, O., July 11.—A startling tragedy occurred this morning in the village of Oak Harbor, on the Sandusky division of the Lake Shore railroad, some twenty miles from the city. Early this morning a highly respected farmer named Con Hennessey came to the village from his home, some two miles away, accompanied by a man named Edward Welsh, who has for some time been engaged on Hennessey's farm. Nothing strange was observed about the movements of either until a short time after their arrival, while both were seated on the porch of the Sherman House,



THE MONTREAL HORROR.

1—Susan Mears, accused of the murder and mutilation of Mrs. Gallagher. 2—Michael Flanagan, held as an accomplice. 3—Jacob Mears, husband of the accused woman.

and near together, Hennessey suddenly pulled out a revolver and opened fire on Welsh, shooting him four times, as fast as he could fire, and killing him instantly. Two of the shots took effect in the forehead, one

ball went through the nose and another one under the chin.

Immediately after the shooting Hennessey in a very cool manner offered to give himself up, and did, to the

authorities, declaring he had slain the seducer of his wife. He was allowed to go on his own promise to appear when wanted, so stupefied were the authorities, and he departed for his own home. After the tragedy it was apparent how deliberately Hennessey had proceeded with his bloody work. The pistol was purchased after the arrival of both in the village, and loaded for the purpose. Welsh was from Cleveland, and had been in Hennessey's family for some months. The question of seduction does not yet receive much light.

Another Negro Beast Shot Out.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 14.—Lucius Weaver (colored), who criminally assaulted Mrs. Howell, a highly respectable white woman, near Strawberry Plains,



"CAPTAIN" WILLARD GLAZIER, CHARGED WITH THE ABDUCTION AND SEDUCTION OF MISS EDITH L. HERRICK; CHICAGO.

fifteen miles from this city, on the 30th of May last, was brought here Sunday. Mrs. Howell identified him as the guilty man. About two hundred citizens of the vicinity of Strawberry Plains congregated, evidently with the intention of lynching the prisoner, who waived preliminary examination before Justice Vance, and was held for the circuit court. At dark about one hundred men conveyed the prisoner to an isolated spot half a mile out of town and shot him through the head, causing death in a few minutes. This is the second lynching for the same offense that has occurred in East Tennessee for fourteen years.



WHAT BROKE UP THE BALL—STRIKING EFFECT PRODUCED BY SUBSTITUTING TARTAR EMETIC FOR TARTARIC ACID, IN MAKING THE LEMONADE FOR THE GUESTS AT A COUNTRY DANCE, AT WELLS, WIS.

LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

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[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]
CHAPTER VIII.
(Continued.)

Lizzie went into the next room and returned with a folded paper.

Steers took it from her hand and examined it carefully. "It is all regular," he said. "Robert, she has deceived you. Think no more of her, my poor friend."

"I can never cease to think of her," was the reply. "I cannot yet believe she would so basely break her vows to me."

"Oh, you ain't the first feller that's been fittid," said Lizzie, pertly. "Fanny had too much good sense to tie herself to a poor man when she could get one with plenty of sugar."

"I'm afraid it's as this young lady says, Robert," continued Steers. "Come, we have no further business here; let us go."

"Yes, I think you'd better," said Jackson, insolently. "You've found out all you wanted to know, and a good more, I guess, and we're not hankering very much for any more of your elegant society."

"One moment, sir," Robert replied. "Answer one more question, and I will trouble you no further. Where is Fanny now?"

"She and Mr. Varnum have gone out."

"Do they live here?"

"That's another question," said Lizzie; "but never mind. I've no objection to tell you. They live here—at present."

"While their palatial residence on the avenue is being re-furnished," added Jackson, winking expressively to Lizzie.

"Come away, Robert," said Steers, sharply. "It is of no use to linger here. A meeting would be unpleasant both to Fanny and yourself."

Realizing the truth of this, Robert turned to depart, when steps were heard in the hall, and in a moment the door opened, and Varnum, followed by Fanny, entered the room.

The latter had but stepped across the threshold when her eyes fell upon Robert.

She threw up her arms with a scream, and with wildly staring eyes gazed upon him.

"Robert Carter alive! Oh, my God! What have I done! It is true, he is alive, and I—I am lost forever!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE BLOW FALLS.

The shock to Robert Carter, on finding that Fanny had indeed united her fate with Star Varnum, was so great that he suffered a relapse, and for several days his life was despaired of by his faithful friends, Mrs. Fleming and Frank Steers.

When he was finally on the road to recovery, although still very weak, he insisted upon leaving the city where he had known so much unhappiness, and in a few days he carried out this determination, leaving no address, but promising Frank that he would write to him when he got settled anywhere, with which rather vague understanding his friend was compelled to be satisfied.

Meanwhile, how was it with Fanny, who was now fully cognizant of the deception which had led her to believe Robert dead?

We shall see. Shortly after the events narrated in the last chapter, Varnum removed Fanny from Lizzie Cameron's rooms and established her in a handsomely furnished flat in a quiet up-town street.

He treated her with kindness and that sort of sensual affection which so appeals upon the senses of a woman of the least refinement.

But Fanny seemed to take no interest in what he did for her; indeed, she scarcely noticed his attentions, although Lizzie, who occasionally visited her, was never weary of singing Varnum's praises.

In her treatment of her supposed husband Fanny was merely cold and passive, for her heart was always with Robert Carter, wherever he might be, and she felt that she could never forgive Varnum for the treachery which had placed her in his power.

But, believing herself to be his lawful wife she strove to be dutiful and obedient, and was so, although dull and dispirited, and so the days dragged along monotonously, until nearly six months.

Piqued by her coldness and evident aversion, Varnum was beginning to tire of the woman he had schemed so cunningly and persistently to ruin.

There were evil days at hand for our heroine.

One morning Fanny was sitting idly at her window gazing listlessly into the street, when she was surprised by a visit from Lizzie, who suddenly burst into the room in her usual tearaway style, and, as soon as she could recover her breath, ejaculated:

"It's all up, Fan. I've got the grand bounce."

"What on earth do you mean, Lizzie?" said Fanny, with a perplexed air.

"Just what I say. Joe Jackson and I are quits, that's all, and he's left me for good and all."

"Left you? What for, did you quarrel?"

"Oh, bless you, we haven't done much else but quarrel about one thing or another ever since we hitched teams, but this time it's a finisher and no mistake."

"Why, what have you quarreled about?"

"He says I have too many fellers calling to see me, and get too many letters; and yesterday I went to the matinee with little Bob Harris, and he happened to see us, so when I came home he gave me the devil, and I got mad, of course, and talked back so the result was he walked out and told me I could find some other protector, so here I am."

"I am glad for your sake that he has left you," said Fanny, "but I hope you will think twice before you again enter upon such a mode of life; remember, dear, what it is sure to end in, seek some honest employment, and you will be far happier. I will always be your friend, and I will ask Star to let you stay with us if you wish."

"Oh, stow all that nonsense," replied Lizzie, with a laugh. "I'm not going to work again, you bet, so long as I can get a feller to put up for me, and that's easy enough. A short life and a merry one, is my motto."

"It makes me sad to hear you talk in that way, Lizzie, for I know you are good at heart."

"Good for nothing, I guess you mean. No, Fan, it's no use talking, I'm going to live as easy as I can, and I don't see as you are much different, for you let Star Varnum

support you, and you know you don't care a cent for him."

"But I am married."

"Yes, to be sure, that does make a difference," said Lizzie, with an expression vindicating a half-formed intention to reveal the infamous scheme of which Fanny had been made the victim.

If she entertained such an idea, however, she did not carry it into effect, and soon afterwards took her leave promising to call the next day and let Fanny know what she had decided to do.

When Star Varnum returned Fanny told him of Lizzie's visit, and of the latter's quarrel with her lover.

"I've been expecting that for some time," said Star, coolly. "Liz aint the sort of a girl to stick to one man very long, and Joe ain't fool enough to put up with any nonsense, he's not as easy as I am."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Varnum?" asked Fanny, in surprise, for there was something in his tone that frightened and repelled her.

"I mean that I'm about tired of your coldness and the airs you put on. You're always sulky when you're not crying, and I don't believe you ever think of anything but that fellow Carter. You even talk about him in your sleep. I'm pretty good natured, but my patience won't last forever, and I want you to make up your mind once for all, that unless you are decidedly more complaisant you and I'll have a break up as well as Joe and Lizzie."

"Star! I don't understand you. You would not desert your wife?"

"Well, no, I don't think I would; but that's got nothing to do with our case, as you'll find out if you provoke me much more."

"In her name! what do you mean?" cried Fanny, springing to her feet and turning as pale as death. "You know I am your lawful wife, and I have always been true to the vows I took with you."

"I know nothing of the kind. Our relations are just the same as those existing between Joe and Lizzie, nothing more. I don't say I want them broken up, but you may as well understand that there is no tie to bind us together other than my will."

"But, my God! you cannot be in earnest," cried the poor girl, her heart beating wildly, as she stood facing him, grasping the back of a chair for support. "We were married by a regular minister, and I have the certificate in my trunk. You cannot deny that?"

"Can't I?" Now look here, Fanny, didn't mean to tell you this now, though of course you must have known it some time, but you've aggravated me so that I'll do it. That marriage was mockery, the seeming clergyman a drunken rouser hired by me for the purpose, and the certificate you treasure so carefully is not worth the paper it is written upon."

"Oh, heaven! can this be true," cried Fanny, wildly, have I been so basely deceived, betrayed and ruined?"

"Come now, little girl," replied Varnum, soothingly, "it isn't quite so bad as you would make it out. You're no worse off than Lizzie, or lots of other girls. There's no use making a fuss about it, anyway, and if you'll only be reasonable I'll take care of you just the same, and he approached her as if to place his arm about her waist.

"Don't touch me, Star Varnum," she exclaimed in a voice tremulous with passion. "You have done your worst, but don't imagine that I will degrade myself to live with you, if what you say is true, I would die first."

"And what are you going to do then, little spiteful?"

"That cannot concern you; it is enough for you to know that I will leave this house at once. Do not fear but that I will find a way to live, yes, and friends to punish you for the wrong you have done me."

"Oh, that's your idea, is it," said Varnum, angrily; "All right, go ahead, and see where you'll come out. Perhaps you had better hunt up your friend Carter, no doubt he'll be willing to marry you after all."

"Do not mention his name, if you have a particle of shame left," cried Fanny, bursting into tears. "I pray to heaven that I may never see him again, for if he knew of my disgrace it would kill me."

"All right," said Varnum, "have your own way, I'll not hinder you. Here," and as he spoke he threw a purse on the table, "if you want any money help yourself, nobody can say that I am ungenerous to any one."

"I would rather starve than touch a penny of yours."

"Very well, do as you like," and he turned to leave the room, saying as he passed out, "If you should change your mind, Fanny, remember that I shall be glad to have you stay, but if you are determined to go, be careful how you use my name too freely, or you may find yourself in worse trouble than you dream of. Good bye," and he walked out and closed the door.

Fanny made no reply to his parting speech, for she had thrown herself upon the lounge, and laid there sobbing bitterly for a long time.

At last she arose, bathed her swollen eyes in cold water, hastily packed her trunk, and then, donning a plain street dress, left the house, and went to Lizzie's rooms on the avenue.

Lizzie Cameron was astonished to see her friend, and still more amazed when Fanny told her what had happened. To Lizzie's surprise Fanny did not reproach her for her part in the deception which was now unveiled. Indeed Fanny seemed to attribute her wrongs to Star Varnum alone, it was on him that she hoped to inflict the punishment due to her betrayer.

"And what do you intend to do with yourself," asked Lizzie, after Fanny had fully explained what had passed between her and Varnum, and reiterated her determination never to return to his protection.

"I want you to shelter me for a day or two, until I can decide upon a future course," replied our heroine. "If you are willing, I will send for my trunks at once. I have a little money, so I shall not be a burden to you."

"Why, of course, child, you are welcome to stay here as long as you like. Only I don't know as you'd like it here very well, you know," and she hesitated a little. "I have a good deal of company."

"I can only stay for a day or two, at most, Lizzie, and you know you are almost my only friend now."

"I understand—well, you shan't be bothered with any callers while you stay here, I'll leave word down stairs that I'm out."

"Thank you, dear," replied Fanny, "I shall not trouble you long."

"Why, you are not going to die, I hope?"

"I have no wish to die, on the contrary, I have now a strong motive for living."

"And that is?"

"Revenge!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANTONIO GARCIA was executed at Corpus Christi, Texas, on the 11th, for the murder of Augustin Amallo, September 7, 1878. He was defiant to the last. The drop fell at twenty-five minutes past eleven, and he was pronounced dead at nineteen minutes before twelve. His neck was broken by the fall, and death ensued instantly. The murderer and his victim were both shepherds. Amallo's wife, with two children, had deserted him and taken up with Garcia, on a neighboring ranch. Amallo went to visit his children, when he was enticed away from the house by Garcia, who crushed his head with an ax. Garcia did not deny committing the crime.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Ubiquitous Prowler Tells a Few Facts About the New York Diamond Business.

IS SHE MRS. SCHOONMAKER?

Various Ways in Which the Nimble Sixpence is Turned by a Manipulation of the Gems.

A STORY OF THE CHARITY BALL.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

The remarkable case of the alleged Mrs. Schoonmaker who claims that she is a Mrs. Mary Stella Hesse, the lady being at this writing in Ludlow street jail as the result of being charged with complicity in a diamond swindling transaction, suggests to me a phase of metropolitan life of which I have often intended to write.

I allude to the operations of the knaves and queens of diamonds.

Personally I am not much on "sparklers," but I love to see them on a beautiful woman when the occasion is appropriate. I didn't think it was such an occasion, not long since, when I stopped over night at the country house of a friend, and was entertained at breakfast by his wife, who wore a black silk wrapper with diamonds for buttons.

That was shoddy in the pure and simple form, if there ever was an exhibition of it in this world. You will not be surprised to hear that my friend married the lady while she was what is vulgarly called "a pot-wrestler" in a restaurant. He at the time was the proprietor of that small restaurant, and, if I am not much mistaken, he married her during a dull season to save her salary.

I like to see diamonds; I like to handle them; but have no desire to wear them. There is a fascination in the gems which exercises itself most potent on your humble servant, who never tires of contemplating the blazing window of a jeweler or the trembling tiara surmounting a lovely head at the opera. From the earliest times the stones have been a favorite commodity for the sharpers. Diamonds hold their value so well, only fluctuating disastrously in price when a big find like the South African fields is discovered, that they are the very best property in which to invest the rapid locking up of money is the object.

So portable!
So beautiful!
So compact!

You can carry a fortune in your vest pocket on which you can realize in the big centers like London, Paris and New York at any time.

There is one class of operators in New York, to whom Mrs. Schoonmaker-Hesse may or may not belong, who are very much like the stones they deal in, in being slightly off color. It is the difference between them and the common thief which makes them so dangerous. You know what to do with a man who snatches a tray of rings and then runs away; but these shady people, who always indulge in transactions that have the show of legitimate business, are hard to reach. That explains the extraordinary satisfaction of the swindled parties when one of them is landed. The Jefferson Market case is a very simple one. According to the victims, an advertisement, signed "Cleopatra," brought them in contact with Mrs. Schoonmaker, who had diamonds pledged with Lynch, the broker, which both she and he appraised at \$10,000. She wanted \$5,000 on them, and the two Fulton Market men who had answered the advertisement gave it to her. Then it was discovered that the gems were worth but \$1,500. Hence the arrest of the woman Hesse, who says she is not Schoonmaker.

She ought to know. But the Fulton street men swear she is the diamond woman. They ought to know.

And Lynch, the broker swears she is not. He ought to know.

Just as it stands it is a very prettily mixed up affair. According to the *Herald*, a gentleman interested in the case said:

"There has been a regular system of swindling going on here for a long time, and this case will bring some other atrocious ones to light. We have the right woman and we are in the right way to catch several other people, too. A dozen victims who have suffered from this sort of thing have been to see and consult with us during the past week. Mr. Massey, the gentleman from 268 West Forty-second street, called on Mr. Fay and told him they did not know the woman Mr. Rogers (one of the victims) met in the house. She went there to see his wife about some room renting, and said she would like to see her lawyer there, and in a few minutes a gentleman arrived. When Mr. Rogers went to that house this present Mrs. Hesse, alias Schoonmaker, was there. She received him in a wrapper, and told him she was staying there with her sister, who was under treatment by a physician in the house. We will relate other instances about the house corroborative of our position when the time comes. I don't want to convey the idea that Mr. Massey or his wife know anything of things—I think it is very unlikely—but we have all been in the hands of very clever rogues. This woman got \$15 from Mr. Collins to attend that store on Sixth avenue (where she was arrested), but she took vacations now and then. It will be curious to show that the diamond case occurred in last March, when she was on vacation. She has lived all alone, working hard, she said, for years, and only making her wages. When she was arrested in Twelfth street to-day we went in at the corner to take a drink, and the man in the saloon told us she had a husband—a big fellow, with a blonde mustache. She was identified to-day by a man who was swindled out of every cent he possessed in the world, and whose wife and children are now starving in consequence. Nothing like it has been heard of in modern times."

We all remember the McCarthy case two or three years back, which landed that handsome adventurer in the Tombs. Charley Hand, the mustang man, was going to raise money on some diamonds. McCarthy was going to engineer it. The robbery took place at Fulton and Nassau streets, two men, one of whom was lame, appearing on the scene in time to get away with the box which was supposed to be in McCarthy's charge. He ran up stairs into the Belmont Hotel and the others scattered, the lame fellow getting through the barber-shop with the plunder. Hand had McCarthy arrested, but nothing ever came of it, and the entire affair lapsed into that mystery which always seems to surround such transactions.

I had many opportunities of talking with McCarthy,

and I remember that I considered him as my beau idea of the adventurer. He wore a Turkish smoking cap talked glibly of generals and colonels, dukes and lords alluded to immense lumber and railroad contracts he had made; and did the grand swell generally.

He was a speculator, he said, and would just as leave handle diamonds as Egyptian cards. And I guess he would. He wouldn't refuse the loan of fifty cents either. So you see he was modest withal.

These New York diamond brokers are a peculiar set in themselves. They do an immense business with society ladies, buying and selling diamonds, making advances on rings and necklaces, and otherwise turning an honest penny. A great deal of this is managed in a quiet way, husbands being frequently told that this or that article of jewelry is having the setting repaired, or a loose stone is being tightened.

Last year a lady living on Madison avenue, whom we will call Mrs. K., had occasion to raise \$10,000 in as rapid a manner as possible. It doesn't matter what she wanted the money for; it was important, enough that she must raise it. Her husband was and is a wealthy importer to whom it would be a pleasure to discount the slightest whim or caprice of his wife. Then she went to him, of course, kissed him, and asked for a check.

She did nothing of the kind. Surely then the money was needed for some mysterious purpose. Perhaps it was, in all likelihood. She intended to endow a church.

The charity ball was approaching and she was expected to be there with her husband. This thought flashed across her mind when she conceived the project of going to a Broadway broker and raising the money on her diamonds. But she couldn't go to the ball without them!

She was truly in despair, but visited the broker nevertheless, telling him the circumstances and begging him to advance the money and still loan her back the gems for the ball night.

"You can send a detective to watch me," she remarked archly.

The broker was an accommodating man, as all brokers necessarily are. The money was advanced and the lady made happy. More than that—the night of the ball she appeared in all her diamonds, radiant, queen-like, so that her husband, leaning over to her in the box, said, "I never saw you look so handsome."

Just before going down to supper another gentleman, younger than her husband, good-looking, faultlessly attired in evening dress, lounged into the box, and when opportunity offered whispered:

"Oh, my darling, how can I thank you. The money was received. You have saved my life and my honor."

And the diamond broker was there too, moving about on the floor.

She saw him, and despite the fact that it had been her own proposition, a glow of shame came into her cheek.

"He doubts my honesty," she murmured, petulantly. But she might have saved herself the agitation. He doubted nothing of the kind, he had no occasion to.

He was there simply to see how certain sets of diamonds he had loaned to the first families lit up, and incidentally he had a curiosity to ascertain whether it were possible for any one to detect the paste set she wore.

For they were false gems, every one of them, and she did not know it. Those that the fond husband thought he was admiring were snugly enough deposited in the broker's big safe, which he has fitted up with hundreds of little drawers.

You would be surprised to find how prevalent is the custom of borrowing gems for fete occasions, just as a good many plain-going citizens would be shocked to hear that a great many old Knickerbocker families keep their carriage by the year from the livery stable, that silver sets are hired for dinners as pineapples are in London, and that wedding presents are first duplicated in sham metal and then sold.

All actresses do not own out-and-out the diamonds they wear, any more than those you constantly see through the opera glass are genuine.

Aimee has \$200,000 worth and they scare the life out of her. She generally has them locked up and goes about blazing in spurious stones which look just as well.

When an actress gets hard up her fingers or her ears are immediately stripped. She doesn't have far to go to be accommodated. There is a broker of the Israelitish race whose principal business lies in green-rooms. He knows to a dollar the value of every ring, necklace, brooch and every other bejeweled article in the profession, and can generally tell, if he chose to, who presented the baubles.

I have often thought what a sensation it would make in society to take the names of actresses on the stage who wear diamonds and in a column opposite them jot down the names of the givers, as for instance:

Mlle. Celeste, a ring from Mr. Jones
Mlle. Kelly, a jeweled watch from Mr. Smith
Mme. Fernande, a necklace from Mr. Robinson

On the morning after such a publication, or rather on that day, about five thousand reputable adornments of the bench, bar, pulpit and orthodox business life would be making tracks for California, or some other remote refuge.

The yellow fever exodus from Memphis would be as nothing to it.

A great many men who have loose capital are jobbers in diamonds just as other men deal in horses, or pictures. The street is their office, and their goods are wrapped up in tissue paper which is again inclosed in brown paper. This precious package is carried in their breast-pocket.

They operate as follows: It is ascertained that B wants to sell a circlet which belonged to his dead wife. It is then the jobber's business to find out who would be likely to want the stones, either as they stand in their setting, or singly. Mrs. A wants a pair of solitaires. There are three specimens in the circlet. They are shown her by the go-between, who, of course, either leaves a deposit, is known to the parties, or makes himself solid by references. After much dispute and wrangling the purchase is decided on, the jobber either buying the property himself at the lowest figure and selling at the highest, or sticking to the safer middle course of exacting a commission from both seller and buyer.

The business is rather dull now and diamonds are cheap.

Now is your time to lay in your winter stock, the same as if they were coal. And what are they but carbon after all? When I discover the secret of the transmutation then will I revel in love in a cottage at Newport, all the summer through, while delightful Paris shall claim my winters.

That reminds me that perhaps some of the young lady readers of this exhaustive article on gems may misconstrue my remarks in the beginning touching my reference to wearing diamonds.

As a matter of fact I never wear them. Meet Paul Prowler, Esq., day in and day out, and you will see that he scorns such extraneous artificialities. But is any young woman wishes to cast a collar-button or a set of studs upon me, as a reward for the manner in which I have pointed out some of the pitfalls of the large city and inculcated moral precepts in my desartations thereon, why let her send them right along, care of the GAZETTE.

For once I will sacrifice myself. I will sport the gew-gaws for her sake.

But I do not think any lady reader will respond. Most of them are at Saratoga or Long Branch now, fishing for all they are worth.

Or rather fishing for a husband, and for all he is worth. But it will not break my heart if I do not receive the flashing favor. Diamonds don't disturb my dreams at night. You, sir, who know my irresistible progress among the fair sex are aware that hearts are more in my line.

Even this rule has its exceptions. One of the exceptions is when you are in the Twenty-ninth precinct.

There clubs are held and played continually.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

JIM WILLIAMS shot and instantly killed Columbus Cook, on the 18th, near Cochran, Ga. Both were colored. Cause, jealousy.

CYRUS PALM, who attempted to outrage a five-year-old girl in Harrisburg, Pa., recently, was arrested in Lebanon, Pa., on the 11th inst., and is now in jail in Harrisburg. He admits that he intended to commit the outrage, but was unable to accomplish his purpose. An examination of the child showed that she had not been seriously injured by the brute.

AMONG the witnesses called for the defense in the Buford trial at Owenton, Ky., on the 18th inst., was Mrs. Annie Wallace, the lady to whom Buford addressed a letter just before the murder. The lady strongly sustained the theory of the prisoner's insanity. After a few other witnesses had given in their evidence the defense closed with the privilege of introducing other witnesses.

In the village of Mount Pleasant, O., on the 13th inst., a French picture seller attempted to outrage a fourteen-year-old girl named Teresa Eniger, but seeing a buggy approaching he rapidly drew a knife across her throat and fled. The villain was captured that night, and the father of the girl fired at him twice while the officers held him, but without effect. Lynching was prevented with difficulty, and about two o'clock the next morning the prisoner was lodged in jail.

FREDERICK FLECK, a young man respectably connected, who was a clerk and messenger in the employ of the Workmen's Savings Bank of Allegheny, Pa., was sent to pay a bill in Pittsburgh, one day last week, and was given a blank check, signed by the cashier, which he was to fill up. He drew the check for \$1,000 more than the bill, and left the city that night for New York, where a dispatch was received from him, dated at the St. Charles Hotel. His family had given a bond for \$10,000 to protect the bank, and they have paid the loss. An elder brother is now in this city looking after the young culprit.

A PROBABLE homicide occurred in Jersey City, on the 16th, at the residence of Mrs. Margaret O'Neill. Michael Coffey, who was on ill terms with Mrs. O'Neill, called at her residence to see some persons residing on the upper floor, and a bitter wrangle ensued between the two. Mary Kinney, a friend of Mrs. O'Neill, took part in the quarrel, siding with the latter. It is alleged that Coffey made an assault on Mrs. O'Neill with his fists and the two women attacked him in an atrocious manner, Mrs. O'Neill striking him with an ax and Mary Kinney using a hammer. He was felled to the ground in an unconscious state. When he was picked up and taken home Dr. Paul, the attending physician, found that his skull was fractured near the left temple. Mrs. O'Neill and Mary Kinney were arrested and locked up to await the result.

At North Bend, Neb., on the 11th, William Platter, aged twenty-two, shot Effie Borden, his affianced, aged eighteen, twice through the back and arm, inflicting dangerous wounds. He induced her to go to North Bend to have her picture taken. On their arrival he produced a marriage license and invited her to go to Tremont and be married. She declined, when he threatened to kill her. She then jumped from the carriage and started to a store. He pursued and shot her twice. The would-be murderer was arrested by the sheriff and taken to Fremont jail. Platter says that his excuse for the act was that he loved the girl and could not bear to see her receive attentions from other young men. He said she consented to marry him on the Fourth of July, but when the day came she refused, saying it was too hot weather to be married.

THE Lynn murder mystery is apparently solved at last, and Jennie P. Clarke's murderers are in the custody of the police authorities of Boston. The two women at whose house in Somerville the unfortunate girl died have been arrested, and made a clean breast of the whole transaction. The woman who performed the abortion which caused the girl's death, and her accomplice who mutilated her body before packing it in the trunk in which it was found at Lynn have also been arrested, as also the so-called dentist at whose office the fatal operation was performed. The most important of the prisoners, the alleged perpetrator of the abortion, is Caroline C. Goodrich, a female physician known as Madame Goodrich. She was arrested on the 15th inst., on the farm of Dr. Simonds, at Braintree, Mass. Dr. Daniel F. Kimball, who lived in the house with Mme. Goodrich, and is said to have been an accessory to the crime, was arrested the same day.

JAMES P. DRULLIARD, of Mishawka, Ind., was arrested, on the 12th, for an indecent assault on Florence Belle Wheeler, a pretty twelve-year-old girl, whose father occupies a part of the same house with Drulliard. The testimony shows that at about dark, Drulliard picked up the girl and carried her to the back porch where he sat down on a bench with the frightened girl in his lap, holding one hand over her mouth, while with the other he proceeded to take improper liberties with the girl's person. She struggled to get away, and finally succeeded in extricating herself from the man's grasp, when she immediately ran out into the yard and related the circumstances to Mrs. Brown, Drulliard's landlady. The girl was home for several days after the assault. Drulliard, who is forty years old, and has a wife and child, was fined to the full extent of the law—\$25.

ESTHER, wife of John Shufelt, a North Egremont, Mass., laborer, has been missing since May 8th, and the injudicious remarks of her husband have caused suspicion that he murdered her. A party of boys fishing near his house recently, were advised by him to quit, as they might fish up something unpleasant. He also asked others how long a rope would hold anything under without rotting. Shufelt a nine-year-old boy says that on the night when his mother disappeared she had a desperate fight with her husband, in which she was knocked down with a stick. She was then placed on a bed, and later Shufelt carried off her body in a wagon. Shufelt is now in the Pittsfield jail, awaiting examination, and the pond where his wife's body is supposed to be sunk, will be dragged. He denies any murder, and says his wife has probably eloped with Henry Benton Church, with whom she had been criminally intimate. She has caused him much trouble during the ten years of their married life, he claims, by her amours with various men. He has four children, the oldest ten and the youngest two. There is much excitement in the vicinity, as it is the third murder in that section in three years.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE STRAW-BAIL MAN.

An Individual Who Can Own Real Estate at a Moment's Notice.

BY COLONEL LYNE.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.] Last week I spoke of a style of city character fast disappearing before the pressure of improvement and general respectability, and this week I shall consider, in a cursory way, another class of court hangers-on that are also vanishing like the snow before the sun.

Or the glass of beer which but a moment ago stood upon this table at which I am writing.

In this weather a poor, unarmed glass of beer has no more chance than a democratic witness before a republican investigating committee.

The city character to be discussed is the professional bailer-out; the man who will come to your aid, for a consideration, when the cell door yawns, and the Judge's clerk, toying with his pen and the bail-bond, says, "Well, what are you going to do about it? I want to go to Harlem and see a boat race. I can't fool around here."

There is no time when the gentleman who is brought to your assistance by the friend who has been skimming for him in the neighborhood of the court, looks particularly like an angel. But circumstances alter personalities as well as cases; and as he takes the necessary oath and then makes himself responsible for your appearance at trial by tremblingly signing his name, there is a seraphic air steals over him, and you look at his shoulder to discover rudimentary wings.

But he is only a mortal. You are the angel to him. It has been the first stroke of business in the day, and when his services were demanded he was just cogitating in the beer saloon near Essex Market, which he affects most, whether the rubicund proprietor would allow a gentleman of his dignity and worth to hang him up for a schooner.

I remember distinctly that when I was much younger, and consequently much wilder, it was in just this way that I had the honor of being introduced to the first straw-bail man I had ever seen. I had heard that society boasted such an ornament, but it was not my happy luck to grasp him by the hand, leaving a \$5 bill in it, until an escapee of the night before got me into the clutches of the police.

I rejoice to state that the blue-coated guardians were ignorant then of the entrancing pleasure afforded by bringing a locust down on a man's skull, and then listening for the echo. So there was nothing worse the matter with me in the morning than the shame of my position, and an intolerable thirst which made me almost delirious so that I constantly saw a white-jacketed bar-tender opening bottles of plain soda which he poured into long tumblers holding brandy.

Pride would not permit me to send for my relatives, or any one I knew. The straw-bail man was my friend in need, the offense including assault and battery, for which I was put under \$500 security to answer.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the matter was quashed. They didn't in those days railroad a man in a disgustingly rapid manner. He had a chance to see a few friends who would drop down to the district attorney's office and talk it over.

At any rate I escaped, and thanks to my protector, fallen from the skies, (that sounds better than saying the seedy man who came from the corner saloon), I didn't even have a key turned upon me.

It was only when we got to the saloon and had made that brandy and soda dream a reality that I had a good chance to study my benefactor. I found him to be past the middle line of life, with gray hair, watery eyes, and a nose that seemed to have become saturated at some time with a sunset.

He drank gin, and many times, as we sat there, and with a courtliness which proclaimed the through-going gentleman in happier days insisted upon breaking the "V" I had given him, to treat.

After about half an hour he excused himself and went out stating that he would return soon.

"He's only gone down to the coffee and cake shop to get his breakfast," said the bar-tender. "It was getting to be pretty dubious whether the old man struck any breakfast-to-day or not."

It was then that seeing my look of astonishment, for I was so young and innocent that I believed the gentleman with the red nose to be the owner of the amount of property mentioned in the legal paper, my friend informed me calmly that he didn't own anything, that that the \$5 was a perfect god-send to him, and that if he had any abiding place at all it was some stuffy room in the neighborhood.

"But the property?"

"Part in Spain, and the rest in heaven."

It was indeed time, the system of acceptance of such bail being part of the lax doings of the time, and for all I knew our venerable friend, while he was out after his coffee, quietly slipped over to the court and "divvied" with the accommodating clerk.

The straw-bail man is not so plentiful as he was then, and with the exception of those who need his services occasionally, no one will surmise that it is so.

Since I have become a pillar of a church, a vice-president of a street fountain society, and a member of the moderate drinking association, I look back with horror upon my allowing myself to descend to the trick of swindling justice, and consequently I could not now give my countenance to any such device as that practiced by the straw-bail man.

Still, if any friend of the GAZETTE gets in trouble in an honorable sort of way, I might be induced to tell him how to proceed, for the straw-bail men do exist in a limited manner, and at rare intervals perform nice strokes of business.

The difference is that they look like the owners of property, wearing good clothes, resplendent black hats, and having their boots polished as often as the loungers about the city hall. Their property lies this side the low-water line at Hoboken, and being of an aquatic, marshy nature, whose survey has to be made in a boat, its burrows are naturally adapted for the process of bailing out.

It must be said, however, in honor of the district attorney's office that the watchers upon its owners are very vigilant just now, and he who would intrust them needs the eye-glasses of a lynx.

P. S.—I do not refer to my own honorable and numerous family, which I may as well inform you now, contemplating a picnic summer after the manner of the Dodges and the Elys. Since I am to boss the punch, a good time may confidentially be anticipated.

THE "Reverend" George B. Vosburgh, of Jersey City N. J., who was tried and acquitted on a charge of attempting to poison his wife, obtained a decree of divorce from her in Fargo, Dakota Territory, on the 16th inst.

WAFTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

The Variety Theatres—Lookout for the Season—Mr. Berry—Coming Events—Leading Ladies—Gossip.

The theatrical outlook of the variety world for next season is a very encouraging one, and I am glad to note the fact. If there is an entertainment which the man with tired body and brain ought to enjoy it's a good variety bill that shall be free from all vulgarity and stupidity. I do not refer to such places as the Columbia Opera House in its palmy days of French boxes, wine-room and disgusting performances upon the stage. As *present*, I see that Jake Berry has returned to the city, thanks to the Governor's clemency. I always had an idea that the conviction of Mr. Berry was an unjust one, and I cheerfully signed the petition which was forwarded to Albany. But I am none the less opposed to the kind of show he gave. The variety stage should be as pure as what they call the legitimate. In a great many instances it is more so. I never saw at Tony Pastor's or Harrigan and Hart's, for instance, anything which approached the subtle indelicacy of the elegantly mounted and acted Parisian successes at the Union Square and Wallack's Theatre. There is no reason either why the variety theatres should not embrace as much histrionic talent as is included in the stock companies of the regular houses. As a matter of fact, the variety stage has furnished a great many of the specialists who are coining money with one character dramas. George S. Knight and Emmett are cases in point.

Mr. Tony Pastor will return to his Broadway house after a most successful summer tour. Harrigan and Hart will open the Comique in high spirits. The "Mulligan Guard Ball" has taken immensely everywhere. Mr. Harrigan will present several new sketches during the coming season. On the Bowery there is the Volks Garten and "The London," both admirable caterers for the peculiar patronage they obtain. You mustn't expect quite as refined a bill on the Bowery, but at the places named it is all solid fun, and no indecency. Mr. Hofele will occupy the Stadt, in all probability, but I have not yet heard the particulars of his campaign. Mr. Aberle's hands are full with his St. Mark's Place Tivoli, and the new theatre he is to make out of the old church in Eighth street. As a general thing, these puppet-stage affairs don't go very well, and I am anxious to see the result of Mr. Aberle's experiment.

Howard Carroll, of the Times, wrote a seven-column story about William Allen, and he died. Mr. John Gilbert has just undergone the same operation. I refer to the interview.

There's one song they won't sing in Mr. Berry's new theatre, if he resumes the reins of management, and that will be "The Island Blackwell."

The summer resorts are infested by the parlor entertainment people who make a good living by musical and recitation "fakes."

Haverly's Lyceum was the only regular theatre open last week. The original Georgia minstrels are funny, but, great heavens, wasn't it sometimes a task to laugh?

Mr. Wallack doesn't like San Francisco worth a cent. I'll venture to say he'd be willing to join any one of the "Honorable Barks Associations," or anything else that was strongly anti-Kearney.

Gilbert and Sullivan will visit us in the fall. They will not sail from England in the "Pinafore."

I wonder if it ever struck that antique personage calling himself "The Count Joannes" that modesty is a quality usually associated with chivalry, erudition, genius, etc., etc.

The London Hornet sneers at Weston and intimates that he would have been beaten had Rowell been in the role. This is silly, stupid and dirty in the Hornet.

De Vivo will manage Carlotta Patti. I'll bet a dollar he goes right back on De Murska as soon as she sails, and begins to swear, with his peculiar shrug, that there never was such a singer as Patti.

Rose Coghlan is now spoken of as the leading lady at Booth's Theatre.

Oh! Oh! Miss Emma Abbott will have Carmen in the repertoire of the English Opera Company she will manage.

The cannon and the performance generally at Tony Pastor's last week went off very well.

Booth's Theatre is being greatly changed by Mr. Boucicault. There will be eight boxes instead of six. The decorations of the house will be white, gray and gold. It will not be a star theatre.

Mr. Ch. Fritsch is making a success on the road of Ralph Rackstraw in "Pinafore."

Sothern and his party are moving down to the neighborhood of grocery stores where they sell fish.

Fanny Davenport will play in the "Child Stealer" next season.

William Voegtlin is busy at work on the paint bridge at Niblo's, upon scenery for the spectacle with which Mr. Ed. Gilmore will open that theatre.

It pleases me exceedingly to see the way in which they are all going for Sarah Bernhardt now. She prides herself on being the priestess of art and yet she descends to the level of a market-woman on its exhibition. She is an art peddler, a woman who will stop at no lengths to secure notoriety and money. She is also a great actress. Albert Wolf, of the Parisian *Figaro*, pitched into her, and produced from the fair Sarah a column of tears by telegraph, from London. The last number of *The Parisian* has this shot at her in a chatty article about the troupe: "Sarah Bernhardt lives at 77 Leicester Square. Her house costs her £200 for the six weeks she will occupy it. She complains much of the climate, poor creature, and from affection declares that she bores herself, which is not the case, inasmuch as we have telegraphic information proving that every minute of her time is fully taken up. It is only thanks to her multifarious occupations that we are spared the infliction of a volume on the British constitution and another on the composition of Yorkshire pudding, both of which subjects, together with that of the Panama Canal, the Zulu war, Mr. Gladstone's hat and the future of the Home Rule party, are occupying the attention of the fragile actress, who combines in her person that trio of qualities so much appreciated in England, *actress, faithless, tendresse*. In point of fact, Mlle. Sarah possesses none

of these qualities in a marked degree. She is a very skillful advertiser, and knows how to make the most of herself *comme par une*. Her fixed idea at the present moment is to gain 100,000fr. by her visit to England. Mlle. Croizette, and the other ladies of the Comedie-Francaise, live very quietly in London, and do not have a very good time of it. Jeanne Samary alone is seen everywhere, accompanied by Marie Samary and Bianca, and escorted by a picked detachment of the crutch-and-toothpick-brigade in full regimentals and single eye-glasses. Jeanne amuses herself immensely. Her favorite relaxation, that of cracking nuts with her teeth, is being adopted in high society. The young swells of the day have invented a new expression. A lady with beautiful teeth is described as having, "Haw! haw! Fine nut crackers; haw!"

Maud Granger will go to the Broadway. MARQUIS OF LORCHETTE.

In Barton county, Mo., twenty miles from Carthage, on Wednesday night, the 9th inst., a man named Keeth quarreled with his wife and shot her in the head with a revolver. The ball did not penetrate the skull, but passed around under the scalp and came out at the back of the head. It appears that Keeth had previously disposed of his crop, and after the shooting took two mules and fled. A sheriff's posse went in pursuit. He is an old citizen and no cause is known for the murderous assault.

Miss NANCIE BERRY, a highly respected young lady of Nicholas county, Kentucky, was passing alone along the public road about three miles from Carlisle, while on her way to church, on the 13th inst., when she met John Breckenridge, a mulatto. He passed her and went on about a hundred yards, when he returned, caught her by the throat and, drawing a big knife, told her he would kill her if she made an outcry. With this terrible threat he kept her still while he dragged her to a thicket near by and there brutally ravished her. She made a desperate struggle, and in spite of his murderous threat made sufficient outcry to cause him to run away precipitately, forgetting his hat which had fallen off in the struggle. The young woman made her way to Carlisle, where she told her story. Very soon a large mounted force was collected and the county scoured. Breckenridge was caught still without a hat, and when brought before the young lady was immediately recognized. A rope was put about his neck and he would have been hanged but for the intervention of some of the leading citizens, who begged to let the law do its work speedily in his case. He was then thrown into jail, but at an early hour the following morning a mob surrounded it, and having forced an entrance carried Breckenridge out and hanged him to a tree.

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A VIRAGO'S TUSSELE WITH AN OFFICER—JESSIE GREGORY, A DRUNKEN FEMALE FURY, ON RECEIVING A SIX MONTHS SENTENCE TO BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, IN JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT, SPRINGS AT OFFICER WHALEN, HER CAPTOR, AND GIVES HIM A TERRIBLE MAULING BEFORE HE CAN BE RELEASED FROM HER CLUTCHES; NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 11.